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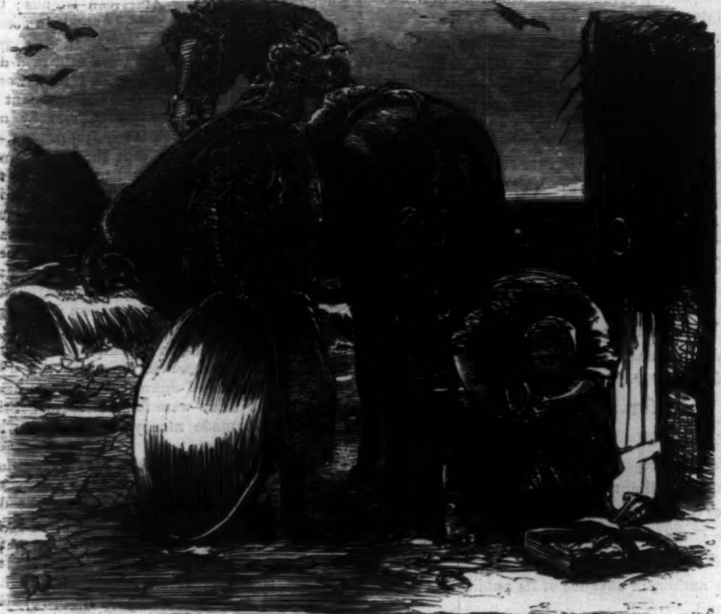


"MASTER OLAF TAKETH THE SHOE IN HAND."

MASTER OLAF.

MASTER OLAF, the smith of Heligoland,
  At midnight layeth his hammer by;
Along the sea-shore the tempest howls,
  When a knock at the door comes heavily.

"Come out, come out, and shoe me my horse!
  I must yet far, and the day is at hand!"
Master Olaf opens the door, and sees
  A stately Ritter before him stand.

Black is his mail shirt, helm, and shield,
  A broadsword hangeth upon his thigh,
His black horse tosses his mane so wild,
  And paws the ground impatiently.

"Whence so late! Whither so fast?"
  "I yesterday lighted in Nordernie;
My steed is swift, the night is clear,
  Ere sunrise I must in Norway be."

"Haddest thou wings, that might I believe."
  "My horse with the wind right well hath raced,
Yet already a star pales here and there,
  So the iron bring hither, and make thou haste."

Master Olaf taketh the shoe in hand,
  It is too small, but it spread and spread:
And as it grew to the edge of the hoof,
  There seizèd the master fear and dread.

The Ritter mounts, and his broadsword clangs:
  "Master Olaf, I bid thee now good-night!
Know, thou hast the horse of Odin shod;
  I hasten across to the bloody fight."

The black horse shoots forward o'er land and sea,
  Round Odin's head a splendor shone;
Twelve eagles are straining in flight behind,
  Swiftly they fly—he rides foremost on.

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS!"

AT NIGHT.

"DYING? You do but jest!
  You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
  How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
  Feel, though you *see* not, the red.
Why, in another week
  I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
  So sick of the world's vain strife,
Uncared for, and unknown,
  That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
  Nay, soften that anxious brow;
Is not *our* God above?
  He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
  I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
  And the delicate apple-bloom.

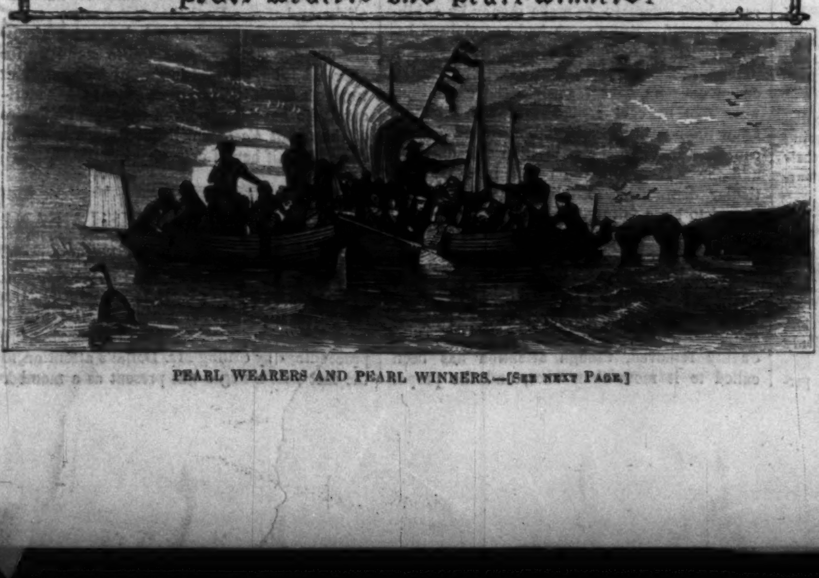
Where shall our year be spent?
  I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
  Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
  Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart—
  It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I can not breathe—
  Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
  And my young wife was dead.

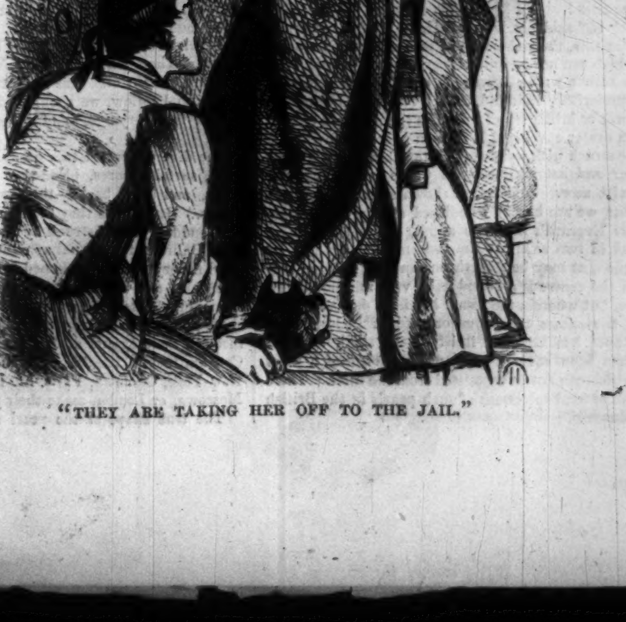
CONTRASTS.

GUESTS, at a nobleman's board,
  Drink to the bridal morrow;
While, at the breast of the lord
  Rankles a barb of sorrow.

Hark to the pitiful wail!
  "That woman, my lord, without;



PEARL WEARERS AND PEARL WINNERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



"THEY ARE TAKING HER OFF TO THE JAIL."

They are taking her off to the jail."
"Merely a beggar, no doubt."

"What a singular sighing sound!"
Says one of the great, at the table.
"John, have you looked to the hound?
Make him a bed in the stable."

Over those steps, again,
Entered a bride in the morn,
Follow'd by powder'd men,
Stiff, and stately, and shorn.

Out of a prison den
Issued a wretch that morn,
Follow'd by brutal men,
Eager to see and scorn.

"Quick! or we'll miss the marriage,
Yonder, in Hanover Square.
They are off in a splendid carriage:
Faith, they're a splendid pair!"

A birth in a chamber great;
A birth in a hospital ward:
One in sorrow; one in state;
Both the sons of a lord.

Doctors around her bed;
Nurses and friends beside.
Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud:
Mention her name no more;
Though she was silent and proud,
She was plebeian and poor.

The charity brat she bore,
Yes! let him grow up in the crowd,
Cringe at the nobleman's door.
Cover her face with the shroud:
Mention her name no more!

Send the young heir to college,
To swim with the wealthy tide;
Probing the depths of knowledge,
Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
Will hold his horse for a crust;
And neither can tell the other
Their kinship in common dust.

PEARL WINNERS.

Pearls *are* costly. Yet they are merely the calcareous production of the class Mollusca. Diamonds, as a certain pen has elsewhere noted, have been shown to be merely charcoal; the pearl is little else but concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime. All the class Mollusca are instances of that beneficent law of nature, that the hard parts accommodate themselves to the soft. The common naked snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, garden helix, strombus, and nautilus, elegant or rough, rare or common, each illustrate this grand law. The body of a soft consistence is inclosed in an elastic skin. From this skin calcareous matter is continually exuded. This protects the animal, and forms the shell. Where the waves are rough, and rocks superabundant, then the shell is rough, hard, stony, fit to weather any thing; where only smooth water and halcyon days are to be looked for, Nature, who never works in vain, provides but paper sides and an egg-shell boat, such as the little nautilus navigates and tacks and steers in.

Besides forming the rough outside, the calcareous exuvium, the mucus of the oyster and other mollusca, forms that beautiful substance, so smooth, and polished, and dyed with rainbow tints, and a glorious opalescence, which, be it as common as luxury has made it, still charms the eye. This is the lining of the shell, the mother-of-pearl, nacre. "The inside of the shell," said old Dampier, that old sailor with a poet's mind, "is more glorious even than the pearl itself."

It is glorious, it has the look of the morning, and the tint of the evening sky; the colors of the prism chastened, softened, retained, and made perpetual in it: this is mother-o'-pearl.

To render its bed always soft and cozy, to lie warm, packed as one might at Malvern in wet sheets, seems to be the oyster's pleasure. This singular exuvium, this mucus, not only creates pleasure but alleviates pain. Some irritating substance, some internal worry and annoyance, it may be a dead embryo, or a grain of sand insinuates itself, and, lo! the creature covers it with this substance to ease off its unkind tooth, and converts it into a pearl.

That is the way they are made, these wondrous beauties!

"If," said Sir Everard Home, "if I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which can not be imitated by any art of man" (he is rather wrong there; it can be imitated, and wonderfully imitated too), "either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment?" Wonder and astonishment are words which scarcely exist now. Science has shown so many wonders that we are hardly astonished at any thing; but Sir Everard's assertion admits of proof. A pearl cut in two exhibits the concentric layers like an onion, as may be seen through a strong glass; and in the centre is a round hole, very minute it may be, but wherein the ovum has been deposited.

Sometimes the ovum, or sand, or inclosed substance has attached itself to the shell, and has then been covered with mucus, forming a pearl which can not be separated from the shell. There are several specimens of such pearls in the British Museum.

The great beauty in pearls is their opalescence, and a lustre which, however clever men are, they have never yet given to artificial pearls. Sir Everard Home supposes that this lustre arises from the highly polished coat of the centre cell, the pearl itself being diaphanous. Sir David Brewster accounts for it by the pearl and mother-of-pearl having a grooved substance on its surface resembling the minute corrugations often seen on substances covered with oil, paint, or varnish. Philosophers are sometimes not very explanatory. Sir David means to say that beneath the immediate polish of the pearl there are certain wavelets and dimples from which the light is reflected. "The direction of the grooves," again to quote Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the colored image; hence, in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the colored images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image."

In the regular pearl these are crowded, from its spherical form, into a small space; hence its marvelous appearance of white unformed light; and hence its beauty and value.

To prove the translucency of the pearl, we have only to hold a split pearl to a candle, where, by interposing colored substance or light, we shall have the color transmitted through the pearl. Curious as is the formation of the pearl, we have yet a cognate substance to it. What we call *bezoar*, and the Hindoos *faduj*, is a concretion of a deepish olive green color found in the stomach of goats, dogs, cows, or other animals; the hog bezoar, the bovine bezoar, and the camel bezoar; this last the Hindoos turn into a yellow paint; but the harder substances the Hindoo jewelers polish and thread, and use as jewels, so that from the stomach of the lower animals, and from the secretions of a shell-fish, the still grasping, prying, worrying, proud, vain-glorious, busy man gets him an ornament for her whom he most loves; for him whom he most honors.

The question of obtaining pearls and of slaying divers; of feeding sharks with human limbs; of the eyeballs starting and the tympanum of the ear bursting; of the pains, perils, and penalties of the pearl-divers, must be touched incidentally in any true account of this precious gem.

Vanity demands the aid of cruelty, and for her gratification human sacrifices are still made.

At the Persian Gulf, at Ceylon, and in the Red Sea, the early sources of the Greeks and Romans, we yet find our supply. Pearls are also found in the Indian Ocean along the Coromandel coast and elsewhere; but the two grand head-quarters are in Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condalchy, in the Gulf of Manaar off the Island of Ceylon. There our pearl oyster dredgers bring up their natives.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of the British Government; but, like many Government monopolies, it is said to cost a great deal more than it produces. In 1804, Government leased it for £120,000 per annum; in 1828 it only yielded £28,000. It is a desert and barren spot; no one can fall in love with it; sands and coral rocks are not picturesque; yet, in its season, it attracts more to its shores than one of our best watering-places. Divers, merchants, Arab-hawkers, drillers, jewelers, and talkers; fish-sellers, butchers, boat-calkers, and Hindoo Robinsons and Walkers are all found there. The period is limited to six weeks, or two months at most, from February to April; and while they are making money these people are rather eager, look you. But the fishers themselves, victims of cruelty as they are, are also victims to their own superstition and ignorance. A Hindoo or Parsee blesses the water to drive away the sharks; a diver may be frightened or ill, and the holidays are so numerous that the actual work-days amount only to thirty in the season.

The boats assembled sail at ten at night, a signal-gun being then let off. They then set sail, reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise the divers begin to take their "headers." They continue at this work till noon, when a breeze starting up, they return. The cargoes are taken out before the night sets in, and the divers are refreshed.

Each boat carries twenty men—ten rowers and ten divers—besides a chief, or pilot. The divers work five at a time alternately, leaving the others time to recruit. To go down quickly they use a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold of with their foot. Each diver holds a net-work bag in his right hand, closes his nostrils with his left, or with a piece of bent horn, and descends to the bottom. There he darts about him as quickly as he can, picking up with toes and fingers, and putting the oysters into his net-work bag. When this is full, or he exhausted, he pulls the rope and is drawn up, leaving the stone to be pulled up after him. When the oysters are very plentiful the diver may bring up one hundred and fifty at a dip.

After this violent exertion blood flows from nose, ears, eyes. The divers can not exceed generally one minute's immersion. One and a half, and even two, have been reached by extraordinary efforts. Those who can endure four and five minutes are spoken of. One also we are told of, an apocryphal fellow, we should think, who coming in 1797 from Arjango, staid under water six minutes.

The divers live not to a great age. Heart diseases, surfeits, sores, blood-shot eyes, staggering limbs, and bent backs—these are part of their wages. Sometimes they die on reaching the surface, suddenly, as if struck by a shot.

At Bahrein, the annual amount produced by the pearl fishery may be reckoned at from £200,000 to £240,000; add to this purchases made by the merchants of Abootabee, and we have £360,000 to include the whole pearl trade of the Gulf, since, through their agents at Bahrein, merchants from Constantinople, Bagdad, Alexandria, Timbuctoo, New York, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holy Moscowa, or London make their purchases.

The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere. In India and elsewhere those of the largest size find the readiest sale, and realize immense prices. The very finest pearls are sent to Europe, and of these the very finest of the fine are sent to London and Paris. Thence the great people of the land procure their choice specimens. The late Emperor of Russia used to purchase for his wife, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the very finest pearl he could procure: a virgin pearl and a perfect sphere was what he sought, for he would not have any that had been worn by others. After five-and-twenty years' search he presented to the Empress such a necklace as had never before been seen.

Immense prices have been given and are still given for pearls. Julius Cæsar, in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, is said to have donated her with a pearl worth £48,417 10*s*., which we can believe or not according to our natures. Marc Antony, as all the world has read, drank, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl which cost £80,729 of our money. Clodius the glutton (surely a gourmet, not a gourmand) swallowed one worth £8072 18*s*. One of the modern pearls was bought by Tavernier at Catifa, and sold by him to the Shah of Persia for £110,000; another was obtained by Philip II. of Spain, off the Columbian coast, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at $150,000.

Summer Resorts.

Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 11, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL.

We commence in this number a new Serial Tale by Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," etc., entitled

A Ride for a Day: the Romance of a Life.

We have reason to believe that it will be unusually brilliant and interesting. It succeeds the Woman in White, by *Wilkie Collins*, in Mr. Charles Dickens's British periodical; and it is here republished, by an arrangement with the author, in advance of its publication in England.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

In a few days the *Great Eastern* will take her departure for Great Britain. To say that she has been a success here would not be true. She has certainly attracted a great deal of attention—more than any other ship that ever anchored in the bay of New York. She has been visited by several hundred thousand people, who have paid their money to see her. Her enormous size, her wonderful structure, her colossal capacity, her huge engines, her marvelous internal arrangements, have each and all elicited the admiration, not only of the crowd, but of those who are best fitted to judge of such matters. At the same time it would not be correct to say that she has been a success, or that we part from her with much regret.

For the fact is that, from first to last, the great ship has been mismanaged—most wantonly mismanaged—by those who had her in charge. From the hour she crossed the bar at Sandy Hook, and received on board the visitors who went to meet her at Mr. Grinnell's invitation, to the present moment, the aim of her managers seems to have been to endeavor to disgust our people with the ship, her owners, directors, officers, and agents. And, whatever they have done in other respects, in that purpose they have succeeded admirably.

Of the feelings of the visitors who boarded her in the lower bay, on the 28th June last, we do not care to say any thing; a time may come, perhaps, when something may be said on the subject, but that something must be said by the American consignees. At the time, not a word of complaint was uttered, even by those who had the best right to feel annoyed; for every body wanted the big ship to have a fair chance, and to achieve the object for which she came here—namely, to make money by exhibiting herself. But a week had not elapsed before the kindly feeling of her friends was again damped. Judicious suggestions, from experienced quarters, with regard to the exhibition, were met by cool replies that the directors knew their business, and did not need American advisers. So the exhibition was opened; and the system followed being, in every particular distinctively English, it was, and deserved to be, a failure. There were silly features about it, and there were disgraceful features. No lady could go on board without a sacrifice of modesty, which appeared to have been ingeniously contrived, and which was heartily relished by men in the employ of the ship. This shameful inconvenience has never been thoroughly removed, though attention has been called to it more than once, and the proper remedy suggested. The ship was as dirty as vessels are in the Thames, and many a lady-visitor paid for her visit with the loss of her dress. Placards of almost an insulting character to the visitors hung in various places; the demeanor of the officers and crew was that of potentates suffering outcasts to approach their foot-stool, while they were in reality mere menials of British speculators who were the glad recipients of American dollars. To all friendly remonstrances the Englishmen's answer was the same: "We managed matters so in England, and do you expect us to come here to be taught?" It was mere waste of breath to try to convince them that American ladies did not like either to spoil their dresses or to be forced into indelicate positions before the eyes of a parcel of grinning satyrs, and that when American gentlemen paid their money to see a show they considered themselves entitled to ordinary civility on the part of the showmen.

After a time, the obvious failure of the exhibition compelled the managers to adopt a suggestion which had been urged upon them from the first by their American friends; the price of admission was reduced, and, in consequence, the show began to draw. In the course of a few days more tickets were sold in a day than had been sold in England in a week. Still the show was rendered as inconvenient as possible. Visitors were passed one by one through a turnstile which it required some dexterity to turn: it seems that the Englishmen had no one whom they could trust to take the tickets without a mechanical check. The inconvenience of this arrangement, when ten and fifteen thousand persons were crowding on board in the course of a few hours, can be conceived. Children were charged half price: every half hour the throng was arrested and delayed several minutes by an angry discussion about ages between the Briton who kept the stile and the parent of some well-grown child. On board, the officers continued to illustrate the well-known politeness of John Bull; as our artist says, Adams' bears were fools to them. Still, the directors made money; which was what they wanted.

Last of all came the Cape May expedition. This was widely advertised, and the price—$16—loudly proclaimed. It was not till the day of sailing that it became generally known that the $10 did not include food, or bedding, or the use of a wash-room, or any thing but a mere steerage passage. If an American ship had perpetrated such an act, the British papers would have rung with abuse of "Yankee swindling." When the ship sailed, matters were far worse. Not only were the passengers not provided with food at the expense of the ship, but they couldn't obtain any by paying for it. There was nothing to eat, and hardly any water to drink on board: twenty-five cents for a glass of water, without ice, were freely paid by gentlemen who had had the misfortune to take ladies with them. Not only were berths not provided by the directors, but money couldn't hire them. Most of the passengers slept on the decks, on the cabin floors, in hen-coops, any where. It rained in the night, and many—men and women—were drenched as they lay helpless. The managers could not be found; the stewards are said to have been drunk; the waiters were saucy and independent, and openly declared that they would wait on no one till they had been paid in advance. In one word, no sooner had these Englishmen succeeded in enticing several hundred of our unhappy countrymen into their clutches on board their ship, than, from the highest to the lowest, they all fell to plundering and outraging them like very Arabs or Druses.

One is almost inclined to wonder that some of these fellows have not been treated to a coat of tar and feathers.

So the story ends for the present. It is time. It is time, too, we think, that the *Great Eastern*—or, at all events, her directors, officers, and crew—went back to their own country. They are charming people; but we have seen them, and paid our money, and we need say no more about it. In England, perhaps, they are the right men in the right place; if *we* had a ship like the *Great Eastern*, we should try to put at least one or two people on board who had the manners of gentlemen and the civility of Christians. But let them pass. When Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and Orientals say—as they all do—that they hate Englishmen because Englishmen are rude, coarse, boorish, mean, and pig-headed, we Americans are apt, for cousinship's sake, to stand up for poor old John, and put in a word for him. But we don't think it likely that any of the Americans who have experienced the tender mercies of the *Great Eastern* will have much to say in John's behalf hereafter.

WHAT DO THE ENGLISH MEAN?

We read with some surprise that, at a meeting of the International Statistical Society, held in London on 16th July, in the presence of the delegates from all the nations of the world, Lord Brougham took occasion to interrupt the proceedings by calling Mr. Dallas's attention to the fact that a negro was present as a member

of the body. Mr. Dallas of course took no notice of so gross a piece of rudeness; but the audience cheered and laughed heartily; and when, a few moments afterward, the negro—whose name, it appears, is Delaney—rose and assured the audience that he, too, was a man and a brother, the applause and sneering laughter at the attitude of the American Minister was almost overwhelming.

The same spirit is developed simultaneously in both Houses of Parliament. Sir Samuel Cunard, the principal owner and manager of the Cunard line of steamers, lately justified the action of his Boston agent in refusing to allow a colored woman to share the table of his first-class passengers. For this Lord Brougham called Sir Samuel to account, and inquired in the House of Lords whether the control enjoyed by the British Government over the Cunard line was not extensive enough to enable them to prevent such occurrences in future. A member of the Government replied, evidently with regret, that the Administration could not control the private passenger business of the line. Probably when the mail contract is renewed, a clause will be inserted to cover the "rights" of colored persons to first-class passages in the steamers.

To cap the whole, somebody in the House of Commons wants a resolution introduced requesting the Queen to hold no further diplomatic intercourse with slaveholding powers, and to admit no slaveholder to her receptions.

If it be the design of Great Britain to provoke a rupture with this country on a collateral issue, these measures are well calculated to bring about the result. If it be the intention of Great Britain to remain on terms of friendship with the United States, we can, in all sincerity, assure the English that acts of this kind are quite certain to render the fulfillment of that intention a matter of great difficulty.

There are points concerning slavery and the negro race about which we Americans differ among ourselves; but there are others on which we are agreed. We are all agreed that it does not suit our tastes to sit at table with colored persons, or to mix with them in society on equal terms. This sentiment is even more marked at Niagara, Nahant, and Newport than it is at Charleston, Savannah, or New Orleans; and if any British line of steamers undertakes to contravene it, it will simply do so at the expense of its American business. We are likewise all agreed that it does not become us to tolerate foreign interference or foreign dictation in our domestic concerns. British intermeddling, in any way or shape, with our domestic slavery quarrel can do no good to either side, least of all to the side which it purports to aid; but it can and it must create a bitter spirit of hostility toward Great Britain, and revive memories which should have been long ago buried.

There is another point on which all men on this side the water will agree; and that is, that it was not only in bad taste, but positively outrageous, for Lord Brougham, at a public meeting, to insult our Minister by his reference to the negro Delaney, knowing as he did the responsibilities Mr. Dallas bore, and the susceptibilities it was his duty to guard. The applause and sneers which followed the insult will, we fear, convey to the minds of all classes an idea of British feeling toward this country which may stand in the way of the next concession that is asked of us on the ground of "common brotherhood."

More especially were the insult and its reception unfortunate, as, at the very moment the news of them reached us, the Prince of Wales was setting his foot on American soil to be the guest of the President.

THE LOUNGER.

AN OLD AND A NEW FRIEND.

Two very celebrated English personages have arrived upon the Western Continent. They always travel in company, and are inseparable; although the feeling on one side is merely passive. But it is amply compensated by the boisterous and detailed activity of the other. Of course it is understood that these illustrious people are Jenkins and the Prince of Wales. The Prince Albert Edward, future King of England, appears to be in fine health and spirits, and Jenkins was never so eloquent and triumphant. He has not lost a moment in informing an expectant continent that his friend the Royal Highness is the most amiable of men—smiling with the sweetness of innocent girlhood, yet leaping into the saddle with the alacrity of the practiced equestrian. Also he takes an airing in plain clothes, leaving the potential crown, sceptre, and ball behind—probably in the care of the loyal Jenkins. A shower comes up, and the heir of Britain gets wet; but with a heroism worthy the future lord of the throne of Alfred, he rides on as calmly in a damp saddle as if it were as dry as Jenkins's mind, and as warm as his pen. Other young men run races and climb greased poles for his amusement, and the Prince of Wales generously laughs heartily from his superior heights of being; while the good Jenkins is overwhelmed by the affable condescension of the royal youth. Jenkins regards the advent of Albert Edward in America as the Indian islanders looked upon Columbus and his crew. They were gods come down.

His Highness perpetually receives addresses, and replies to them. The circumstances are not propitious to spontaneity, for the draft of the address to be presented is handed in before it is delivered by the orator, and a response is prepared, which the future Defender of the Faith reads aloud when the proper time arrives. If he trips among the consonants, the watchful Jenkins perceives that he colors and then recovers. Since his avatar the Prince has chiefly dined and danced. Each dinner and ball is an ovation. Jenkins assures us, in rapturous detail, that the ball and supper rooms are magnificent, and the lighting very brilliant. The royal dancing is beyond description. In saltatory evolutions the British heir, like his revered grand-uncle, George the Fourth, whose blessed memory Mr. W. M. Thackeray (who is not related to Jenkins) will shortly embalm for us in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, is unique and unsurpassed. He is a capital waltzer (see Jenkins, *passim*), a very entertaining partner; *he rests his partner frequently* (*sic* Jenkins), and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company (Jenkins, T. iv., cap. xxxi.). Jenkins hears the fair murmur ecstatic admiration of the princely polka, and with the delightful irrelevancy of a mind overfull, he whispers that his Highness's finest feature is his nose, which is becomingly prominent, and nearly a Roman. Perhaps, Jenkins, a Puseyite nose, or on the way to Rome.

Jenkins went down to meet the Prince as he came up the bay. Jenkins is always going down. Prostration is his favorite attitude. Jenkins cheered the Prince with the rest of the loyal company, and the polite youth lifted his cap in response. Then his Highness was received, and the worthy Jenkins stood near with his tablets—his pallet, let us rather say, with much color and large brushes. The Prince elicited general admiration (*sic* Jenkins). Yes, Jenkins, when did a Prince otherwise in the eyes of his faithful J.? He has a complexion—nymphs of Newport, sylphs of Saratoga, attend! he has a complexion *—equal to that of a peach.* Thou best Jenkins! And looks very healthy. His hair is dark-brown, and cut so as to show the lobes of his ears. But is it shingled, Jenkins? Is it parted at the right or left? Why leave a languishing world to grope in perplexity? And reflect, Jenkins, that you have not told us whether he has a ring upon his finger—or how many rings—or upon what fingers. Nor the number of his gloves, good Marquis Jenkins; nor the quantity of linen he weekly sends to the laundress, nor what Princes pay a dozen for the doing up of royal shirts: nor whether he lisps: nor—O Jenkins, what you have done only shows us what you have yet to do.

When the three young English gentlemen, Lord Cavendish, Mr. Ashley, and another, were here, a year or two since, Jenkins used to look into their hats and try to peep into their bedrooms: except Mr. Ashley's—for he gently complained that, when Jenkins discovered that he was not a Lord, but only Mr. Ashley, Jenkins regarded him with superb disdain as an impostor. The world was anxious to learn if the dressing-gown of Lord Cavendish were velvet wrought with silk—or silk embroidered with velvet; but the dressing-gown of Mister Ashley! why, Jenkins had a dressing-gown himself.

—It is possible, therefore, that it was not quite accurate to say that two illustrious personages had just arrived upon the continent as if they had never been here before. The young Prince, whom as an English gentleman and the royal representative of our great ally in civilization, every American is glad to honor, comes, indeed, for the first time. May his journey be happy and interesting, and his life long and useful! But dear old Jenkins! what, old mole, work'st thou i' the earth so fast? Jenkins is no chicken—he is no youth. He was with Canute on the beach. He told Alexander that his neck was all right (not wry-t). He assured Charles First that Hampden was an ass. And he murmurs to Albert Edward the blissful truth that his complexion is equal to that of a peach.

Did Jenkins *come* at all? Is he not indigenous? Is not a rich pulpy toad, for a great many of us, "equal to" a fat turtle steak? Wait a little, till Jenkins and the Prince reach New York, and then let us see.

THE FATED SHIP.

AT length we all know what ship it was that was built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark. The mission of the iron monster seems to be to persuade us all to believe in fate, and luck, and stars of fortune. And surely hers is a gloomy fate, and a bad luck, and an evil fortune. Every thing she has done, or that has been done to her or with her, has been a huge mistake, except the exhibition. And that was not free from the taint, because it was closed at the very time it should have been continued. She had not disappointed people by her size. That was the first great point. She had reduced the price of admission, and thousands were gladly paying half a dollar to ramble through the mazes of her hulk. The public feeling respecting her was clearly improving, and the prospect of an excursion was received with favor. It was a doubtful experiment for her interest—since it seemed wiser to stay quiet at the foot of Hammond Street, and take three or four or five thousand dollars a day. But still it was enterprising. It was yielding to a natural desire to see her in motion as well as in grim repose expecting her prey.

And now of all failures and shocking mistakes and disastrous mismanagements the excursion seems to have been chief. It was of the last importance that nobody should blunder, and every body appears to have blundered. It was most desirable, upon every possible account, that the public favor should be attracted to her as a comfortable, easy, safe ship. Suppose that the two thousand passengers had conspired to sign a circular (they always do upon the least possible excuse) that there never was such a cure for sea-sickness, for instance, as going to sea in the *Great Eastern*. Suppose they had unanimously agreed that her management was of a paternal character which made a voyage in her actually pathetic. Suppose that of all affable and gentlemanly barkeepers the steward of the *Great Eastern* had been pronounced *facile princeps*. Suppose that we had heard how beds so soft—and sheets so snowy pure—and silence so absolute in the night watches—and such general comfort, care, and convenience had never been heard of as had been found upon the iron monster—what a precious monster it would have thenceforth been! How the shy Titania of public esteem would have embraced that lovely Bottom!

It ought to have been made absolute high treason to the iron realm for any servant to have taken any bribe, or to have attempted to sell any thing to eat, or drink, or lie upon, for any price higher than that of the printed bills, which should have been posted all over the ship, and every article so lightly charged that nobody should ever cry enough. There should have been the strictest certainty that every passenger had a good bed and an abundance of water and of all ordinary conveniences.

All this could not have been done without extraordinary efforts and some expense. But it was essential. If it were not done, the excursion was a foregone failure and a curse to the ship. It was not done, and the curse has fallen. The ship went out of its way—there was no regulation or accommodation for baggage—no understanding about state-rooms—ladies and gentlemen were forced to camp out upon mattresses upon the dirty damp decks, and were rained upon before morning; only bribery could procure water for washing, and for drinking-water from ten cents to two shillings a glass was the charge; the water was wasted by carelessness, the rudder chains broke, "the hook of the cat-block" broke, a cigar set a mattress on fire in the middle of the night, the band wouldn't play for dancing without extra payment; it was a night of horrors, and the officers disclaimed all responsibility.

The passengers held a mass indignation meeting and resolved that the excursion was a swindle. Of course we shall have the response of the officers. It will appear that it was Nobody's fault—that Nobody is to blame—that that arch scoundrel Nobody took possession of the ship and managed the whole excursion, and Nobody will suffer, when he is caught. This fatal excursion has blighted the faint green of a growing regard for the *Great Eastern* in the public mind. Before, she might be regarded with melancholy pity, with tender sympathy. Now, she has inspired contempt and indignation.

Yet that is a melancholy pity, too.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PUNCH'S ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AUSPICIOUS blow, ye gales,
And swell the Royal sails
That waft the Prince of Wales
In a vessel of the line,
Away to Canada
Across the ocean brine;
As the son of his Mamma,
His weather should be fine.

What transports the Canadians will evince
When they behold our youthful Prince!
Not ours alone, but also theirs,
Each colony with England shares
In Protestant Sophia's heirs.
How all the bells will ring, the cannons roar!
And they who never saw a Prince before,
Oh, won't they feast him and caress him!
Waylay him, and address him,
His Royal Highness—bless him!—
Their demonstrations possibly may bore.

They'll make, no doubt, a greater fuss
Than what is usually made by us
In some of our remoter parts,
Where country Corporations see,
For the first time, Her Majesty—
(May she be destined long to reign!)
When by her Parliament set free,
She travels by a stopping train,
Britannia's trump, the Queen of Hearts.
But still more pressing ceremony waits
The Prince in the United States;
What mobs will his hotel beset
A sight of him in hopes to get!

What multitudes demand
To shake him by the hand!
Hosts of reporters will his footsteps dog
(As Baron Renfrew though he goes *incog*),
Take down his every word,
Describe his mouth and nose,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a minuteness quite absurd.

Ye free and easy citizens, be not rude,
Disturb not our young Prince's rest;
Upon his morning toilet don't intrude:
Wait till he's drest.
Oh! will that Yankee not be blest
To whom the son of England's Queen shall say
"Out of the way?"

And, oh—to touch a tender theme—
How will the fair around him throng,
And try, forgetting all their shyness,
To salute his Royal Highness,
The realization of a happy dream!
The force of loveliness is strong.
A spark's a spark, and tinder tinder,
And certain things in Heaven are written;
And is there any cause to hinder
The Prince of Wales from being smitten?
Transcendent charms drive even monarchs frantic,
A German Princess must he marry?
And who can say he may not carry
One of Columbia's fascinating daughters
O'er the Atlantic?
Truth many a one might force to own,
Hopes that to her the kerchief may be flung,
To the ultimate exaltation of a young
American lady to the British throne.

When is a greedy school-boy like a sorrowful man?—When he's sick at heart (sick o' tart).

Why are the eyes of a pleased cat like an infant-school?—Because the pupils are very small.

Under what officer would an author wish to marshal his pages?—The general reader.

HIGHFALUTIN.—The following is taken from the last number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*: "The anti-slavery revolution gathers new power from every momentary obstacle, and rushes like a planet in its orbital path to the resistless consummation of its divine destiny!"

Why is a cherry-seller like a necromancer?—Because he is a dealer in the Black Hearts.

Mildness of the present season explained—The air has been *Rareyfied*.

CHESS.—*Fools'-mated*: to become husband and wife on nothing a year.

CAN TOADS LIVE WITHOUT AIR?—This problem is now occupying the scientific. A party of officials, "highly placed at the Tuileries," traveled by rail last week from Boulogne to Paris, smoked, and kept the windows shut the whole way. Whence it is clear that, whether toads can or can not live without air, those who eat them can.

A low-art critic, who has recently visited Rosa Bonheur's cattle pictures, describes them as being very beastly pictures.

CONSTITUTIONS!

ALL A-BLOWING—ALL A-GROWING!

Our sages in weather lore knowing,
Look blank at the chance of the crops,
And declare this wet summer is going
To ruin our wheat, hay, and hops.
Nor alone on our tight little island
Has Phœbus forgotten to shine,
In all climes, North or South, low or high land,
This year he seems out of his line.

But while anxious Europe is dreading
Short harvests, high prices, and dearth,
There's one crop, at least, that seems growing
Just where you'd least look for its birth.
That's the delicate annual, with which
Tyrants try to plant out revolution,
And to fence black Democracy's Ditch—
By state-gardeners called "Constitution."

Of all soils, it must be admitted,
That the soil of infallible Rome
Seems about the most strangely ill-fitted
For such plants to take up their home:
Yet now Pio Nono, 'tis rumored,
Has a dwarf Constitution in hand,
In hopes Rome will grow better-humored
In the shade where its branches expand.

There's the Austrian Reichsrath preparing
The ground for this seedling to grow;
And young Bombalino a-swearing
The exotic in Naples to sow.
Rome, Naples, and Austria, before
Saw the plant tried in sad forty-eight.
Remembering the fruit that it bore,
Can we wonder they mutter "Too late!"

What hope that the plant can grow fair,
When the roots that should nourish its seed
Are struck in a tyrant's despair,
Whose tools fail his hand at its need?
From so poisoned and festered a root,
What but poison and fester can grow?
Such a seedling will ne'er come to fruit,
Though too likely to come to a *blow*.

SCENE—AN ARISTOCRATIC DINING-ROOM.

TRUE.—NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

OLD JONES. "Swiggles! What induced you to put such wine as this before me?"

BUTLER. "Well, you see, Sir, as *some*body must drink it, and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it!"

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair
In playful dreams around me dances;
Thy smile so bright, so free from care,
Thy dimpled cheek, they jet-black hair,
My heart entrances.

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming;
The winged light scarce swifter flies
Than do the glances from those eyes,
With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bewilderin';
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—*a wife I've got,*
And six small children!

It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

With baser metals the workmanship is every thing; but when it is a question of gold, we do not much care whether we get it in the dust, the nugget, or the sovereign: so, too, the grandest poetical ideas are independent of their vehicle.

A generous mind identifies itself with all around it; a selfish one identifies all things with itself. The generous man seeks happiness in promoting that of others; the selfish man reduces all things to his own interest.

He is a fool who seeks that which he can not find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, will do him more harm than good; he is a fool who, having many ways to his journey's end, takes the worst.

You may find it very difficult to get away from bad company, but you needn't on that account *throw* yourself away.

A clergyman having preached several times in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in seriously exhorting his hearers against being seduced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it was carried on in this town."

Whoever shall marry some of our match-hunting young women, and place them in domestic establishments, will

——"give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

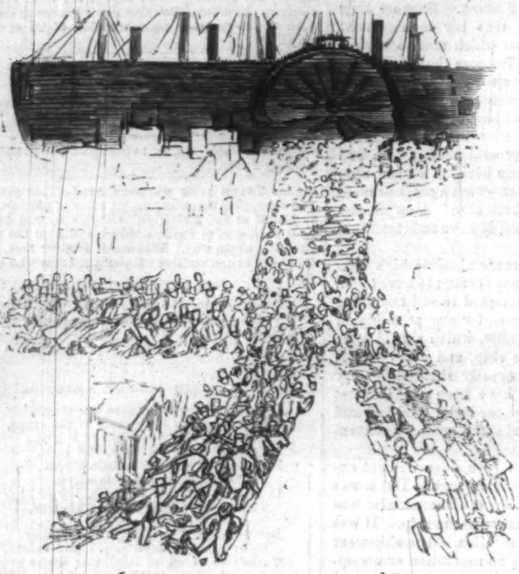
A paper lately gave an account of a duel, and announced the result of the meeting in these words: "The one party was wounded severely in the chest, and the other fired in the air." Query—who wounded the sufferer?

Jones had been out to a Champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one—one!" hiccoughed Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order; it has struck one four times."

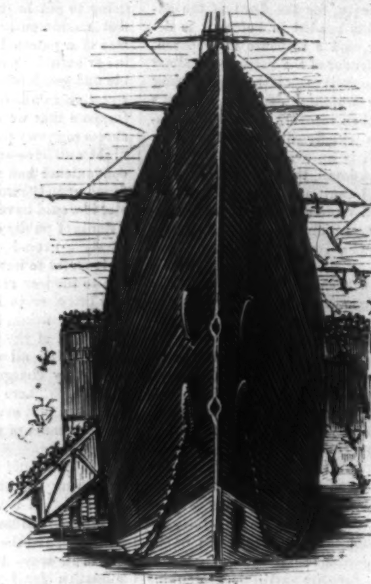
"Papa," said a little boy to his father the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?"—"No, my dear," answered his father. "Pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?"—"Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

WATER ON THE BRAIN.—Little Willie's mother told him to duck his head under the water, the other day, when she was bathing him. "Oh, I'm afraid!" said he. "Why?" asked his fond parent. "'Cause I'll die."—"Don't be afraid, you won't get drowned, if you are under the water for a moment only," said she, assuringly. "Oh! but I might die from *water on the brain!*"

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN," BY OUR ARTIST, JULY 28, 1860.



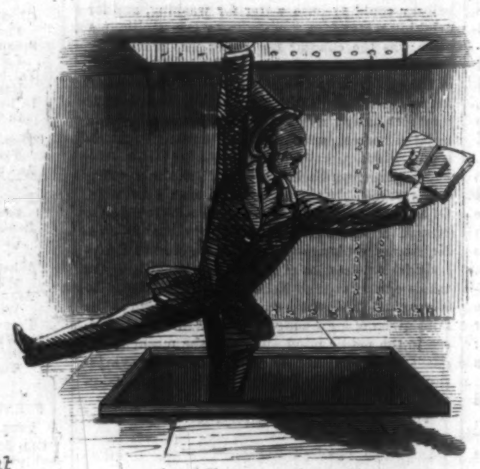
The rush during its last Week at N. York



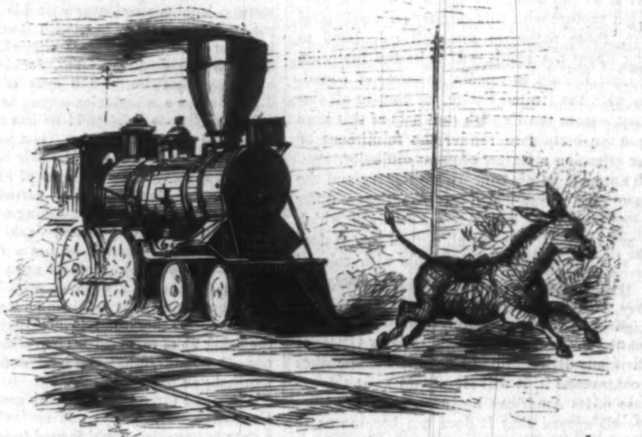
An overflow as it might have been

Buy a 'Guide' Si

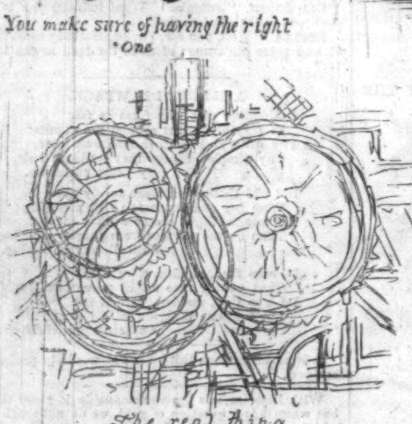
You make sure of having the right One



And then go ahead (?)



Popular (but erroneous) Idea of An 'After Donkey Engine'



The real thing
(from a Photograph taken while in motion)

Sich a getting up stairs

Some persons object that the Under-decks are a little slippery

A proper regulation

The Urbanity of its Officers has been frequently mentioned: but

having seen Old Adams' Bears previously we were disappointed

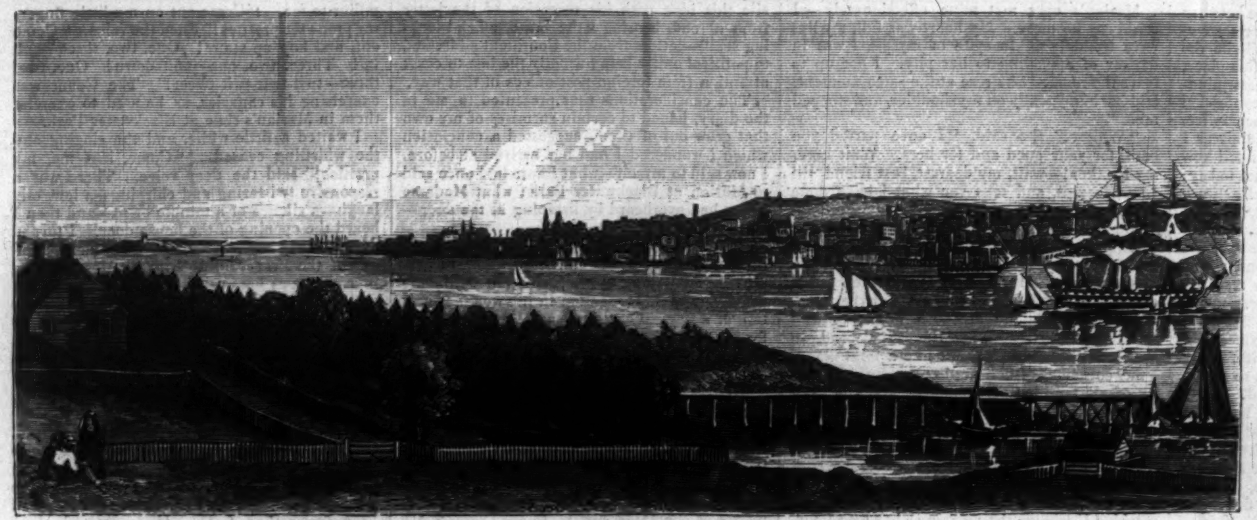
One way of doing the Big Ship

view of N. York from the Gt. Eastern

Part of Big Ship in a shower.

Its Upper Deck after a shower of rain

"The Way out."



THE CITY OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO AMERICA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

HALIFAX—where the Prince of Wales landed on 30th ult.—the capital of the British-American province of Nova Scotia, and the principal naval and military station of the British in their North American possessions, is a mean-looking country town of some 30,000 inhabitants. Nature has done every thing for Halifax and enterprise nothing. Situate on the slope of a hill, on the west side of a harbor perhaps without exception the finest and most capacious in the world, its few wharves are but piles of weed-grown lumber, and the amount of shipping in its land-locked bay scarcely ever equals the tonnage of a fifth-rate coasting haven. The city itself has an old and decrepit look, as if a blight had fallen upon its energies somewhere about the close of the last American war. Altogether it seems a dreary place to dwell in.

Halifax harbor, or, as it is called, Chebucto Bay, is entered from the south, and, from Sambro' Light, extends northward about fifteen miles, terminating in a basin of area and depth enough to float the whole British fleet of a thousand war-ships. A bold, wooded island of some extent, called M'Nab's Island (private property), lies directly in the chops of the harbor, and divides it into two entrances—one suited for small craft only, the other with water in the channel for ships of the largest size. Directly within M'Nab's Island stands George's, or St. George's Island, an islet surmounted by a redoubt, and otherwise weightily armed. Indeed, the whole harbor, at every point commanding the channel, bristles with batteries. Overlooking the town is the citadel, a fortress of strength, commanding the harbor and country for miles, and so placed that the guns of hostile ships would have little avail against its walls. To the north of the city is the dock-yard, the station of the ships of war. At present the fleet lying there is under the command of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, whose flag-ship is the *Nile*. Near by the station is anchored the *Pyramus*, an old frigate taken in some former war, and now used as a receiving-ship. Close by the dock-yard are the powder-magazines, one of which blew up, a few years since, in a mysterious manner; and overlooking the water are a noble range of buildings, which the visitor will learn with surprise are merely barracks for 1000 men. Visitors who wish to learn how the British soldier is treated should endeavor, by permission of the military authorities, to inspect these quarters. Northward from this spot the harbor, under the name of Bedford Basin, extends some eight or nine miles inland, forming the fine sheet of water already described. On the shores of the basin the Duke of Kent, grandfather of the present Prince of Wales, had his residence while he commanded the troops in North America. Nothing now remains of "the Prince's lodge" but a few scattered stones. Up this basin, in 1746, sailed nine ships, the storm-shattered remains of a French fleet, under the proud Duke of Anville, sent to reconquer Nova Scotia. Broken-hearted at the failure of his enterprise, the Duke died by poison; the Vice-Admiral, like an old Roman, ran himself through with a sword; and the survivors, sinking some of their ships, came ashore into the woods at a spot still called the "French landing." Here 2500 men, with a large number of Indian auxiliaries, perished of pestilence and famine. The writer of this devoted a day to exploring the site, but found no relic of the disaster of which the spot was the scene. The locality is a little under three miles from Halifax, on the highway, near the "Three-Mile House."

There are many other historic spots near the city, most of them associated with events of the French wars, and not a few relating to incidents of Indian hostility. At Dartmouth, a small village on the opposite side of the harbor—which ought to be what Brooklyn is to New York, if Halifax were but New York—a band of Indians from the Basin of Minas fell on the infant settlement, and left not a fire burning on its hearths. For five-and-twenty years the place was deserted; and it was not till 1784 that a band of Nantucketers resettled it. The village is now attached to Halifax by two ferry steamers, which run during the day at five cents per passenger, and not at all at night.

The public buildings of Halifax are few and shabby. The Province Building is an exception. It is of brown freestone, and presents a respectable frontage of 140 feet on Granville and Hollis streets—two of the leading thoroughfares of the city. It contains the public offices and legislative chambers. At present the proportions of the edifice are disfigured by two wooden shanties, stuck on by way of wings, and intended to accommodate the guests of the ten-dollar ball. Fronting on the Grand Parade (a small plot of ground with nothing grand about it) stands Dalhousie College, a squat, heavy institution, of no particular use excepting that in one corner is located the Post-office. Temperance Hall, a neat structure of wood, wherein most of the concerts and shows are held; the Merchants' Exchange, a suit of rented offices; the City Market, and the Mason Hall, apparently well adapted to their respective uses; the Lunatic Asylum, overlooking the water on the Dartmouth side, and the Provincial Penitentiary and the French Prison, a military post, on the fine stretch of sea known as the North-west Arm, are about the only other public edifices worth notice. A handsome new court-house is nearly completed. Government House, the residence of the Earl of Mulgrave, is a substantial stone house, of no pretension to beauty, badly placed, and having a cheerful view into a grave-yard, where has been recently erected a handsome monument to the memory of Welsford and Parker, two Nova Scotian officers who fought and fell with distinction in the Crimea. Besides the buildings named, Halifax contains several handsome churches.

[The details of the Prince's reception will be found in our news columns.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

PART III.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I.

FOUR months passed. April came—the month of spring, the month of change.

The course of Time had flowed through the interval since the winter, peacefully and happily in our new home. I had turned my long leisure to good account; had largely increased my sources of employment; and had placed our means of subsistence on surer grounds. Freed from the suspense and the anxiety which had

tried her so sorely, and hung over her so long, Marian's spirits rallied, and her natural energy of character began to assert itself again with something, if not all, of the freedom and the vigor of former times.

More pliable under change than her sister, Laura showed more plainly the progress made by the healing influences of her new life. The worn and wasted look which had prematurely aged her face was fast leaving it, and the expression which had been the first of its charms in past days was the first of its beauties that now returned. My closest observation of her detected but one serious result of the conspiracy which had once threatened her reason and her life. Her memory of events, from the period of her leaving Blackwater Park to the period of our meeting in the burial-ground of Limmeridge Church, was lost beyond all hope of recovery. At the slightest reference to that time, she changed and trembled still; her words became confused; her memory wandered and lost itself as helplessly as ever. Here, and here only, the traces of the past lay deep—too deep to be effaced.

In all else she was now so far on the way to recovery that, on her best and brightest days, she sometimes looked and spoke like the Laura of old times. The happy change wrought its natural result in us both. From their long slumber, on her side and on mine, those imperishable memories of our past life in Cumberland now awoke, which were one and all alike, the memories of our love.

Gradually and insensibly, our daily relations toward each other became constrained. The fond words which I had spoken to her so naturally in the days of her sorrow and her suffering, faltered strangely on my lips. In the time when my dread of losing her was most present to my mind, I had always kissed her when she left me at night and when she met me in the morning. The kiss seemed now to have dropped between us—to be lost out of our lives. Our hands began to tremble again when they met. We hardly ever looked long at one another out of Marian's presence. The talk often flagged between us when we were alone. When I touched her by accident, I felt my heart beating fast, as it used to beat at Limmeridge House—I saw the lovely answering flush glowing again in her cheeks, as if we were back among the Cumberland Hills in our past characters of master and pupil once more. She had long intervals of silence and thoughtfulness, and denied she had been thinking when Marian asked her the question. I surprised myself one day neglecting my work to dream over the little water-color portrait of her which I had taken in the summer-house where we first met—just as I used to neglect Mr. Fairlie's drawings to dream over the same likeness when it was newly finished, in the by-gone time. Changed as all the circumstances now were, our position toward each other in the golden days of our first companionship seemed to be revived with the revival of our love. It was as if Time had drifted us back, on the wreck of our early hopes, to the old familiar shore!

To any other woman I could have spoken the decisive words which I still hesitated to speak to *her*. The utter helplessness of her position; her friendless dependence on all the forbearing gentleness that I could show her; my fear of touching too soon some secret sensitiveness in her, which my instinct as a man might not have been fine enough to discover—these considerations, and others like them, kept me self-distrustfully silent. And yet I knew that the restraint on both sides must be ended; that the relations in which we stood toward one another must be altered, in some settled manner, for the future; and that it rested with me, in the first instance, to recognize the necessity for a change.

The more I thought of our position, the harder the attempt to alter it appeared while the domestic conditions on which we three had been living together since the winter remained undisturbed. I can not account for the capricious state of mind in which this feeling originated—but the idea nevertheless possessed me that some previous change of place and circumstances, some sudden break in the quiet monotony of our lives, so managed as to vary the home aspect under which we had been accustomed to see each other, might prepare the way for me to speak, and might make it easier and less embarrassing for Laura and Marian to hear.

With this purpose in view, I said one morning that I thought we had all earned a little holiday and a change of scene. After some consideration, it was decided that we should go for a fortnight to the sea-side. On the next day we left Fulham for a quiet town on the south coast. At that early season of the year we were the only visitors in the place. The cliffs, the beach, and the walks inland were all in the solitary condition which was most welcome to us. The air was mild; the prospects over hill and wood and down were beautifully varied by the shifting April light and shade; and the restless sea leaped under our windows as if it felt, like the land, the glow and freshness of spring.

I owed it to Marian to consult her before I spoke to Laura, and to be guided afterward by her advice.

On the third day from our arrival I found a fit opportunity of speaking to her alone. The moment we looked at one another her quick in-

"MY POOR LITTLE MAN!" HE SAID, ETC.

stinct detected the thought in my mind before I could give it expression. With her customary energy and directness she spoke at once, and spoke first.

"You are thinking of that subject which was mentioned between us on the evening of your return from Hampshire," she said. "I have been expecting you to allude to it for some time past. There must be a change in our little household, Walter; we can not go on much longer as we are now. I see it as plainly as you do—as plainly as Laura sees it, though she says nothing. How strangely the old times in Cumberland seem to have come back! You and I are together again, and the one subject of interest between us is Laura once more. I could almost fancy that this room is the summer-house at Limmeridge, and that those waves beyond us are beating on *our* sea-shore."

"I was guided by your advice in those past days," I said; "and now, Marian, with reliance ten-fold greater, I will be guided by it again."

She answered by pressing my hand. I saw that the generous, impulsive nature of the woman was deeply touched by my reference to the past. We sat together near the window; and, while I spoke and she listened, we looked at the glory of the sunlight shining on the majesty of the sea.

"Whatever comes of this confidence between us," I said, "whether it ends happily or sorrowfully for *me*, Laura's interests will still be the interests of my life. When we leave this place, on whatever terms we leave it, my determination to wrest from Count Fosco the confession which I failed to obtain from his accomplice, goes back with me to London as certainly as I go back myself. Neither you nor I can tell how that man may turn on me if I bring him to bay; we only know, by his own words and actions, that he is capable of striking at me, through Laura, without a moment's hesitation, or a moment's remorse. In our present position, I have no claim on her which society sanctions, which the law allows, to strengthen me in resisting *him*, and in protecting *her*. This places me at a serious disadvantage. If I am to fight our cause with the Count, strong in the consciousness of Laura's safety, I must fight it for my Wife. Do you agree to that, Marian, so far?"

"To every word of it," she answered.

"I will not plead out of my own heart," I went on; "I will not appeal to the love which has survived all changes and all shocks—I will rest my only vindication of myself for thinking of her and speaking of her as my wife, on what I have just said. If the chance of forcing a confession from the Count is, as I believe it to be, the last chance left of publicly establishing the fact of Laura's existence, the least selfish reason that I can advance for our marriage is recognized by us both. But I may be wrong in my conviction; other means of achieving our purpose may be in our power, which are less uncertain and less dangerous. I have searched anxiously, in my own mind, for those means—and I have not found them. Have you?"

"No. I have thought about it too, and thought in vain."

"In all likelihood," I continued, "the same questions have occurred to you, in considering this difficult subject, which have occurred to me. Ought we to return with her to Limmeridge, now that she is like herself again, and trust to the recognition of her by the people of the village or by the children at the school? Ought we to appeal to the practical test of her handwriting? Suppose we did so. Suppose the recognition of her obtained, and the identity of the handwriting established. Would success in both those cases do more than supply an excellent foundation for a trial in a court of law? Would the recognition and the handwriting prove her identity to Mr. Fairlie, and take her back to Limmeridge House, against the evidence of her aunt, against the evidence of the medical certificate, against the fact of the funeral and the fact of the inscription on the tomb? No! We could only hope to succeed in throwing a serious doubt on the assertion of her death—a doubt which nothing short of a legal inquiry can settle. I will assume that we possess (what we have certainly not got) money enough to carry this inquiry on through all its stages. I will assume that Mr. Fairlie's prejudices might be reasoned away; that the false testimony of the Count and his wife, and all the rest of the false testimony, might be confuted; that the recognition could not possibly be ascribed to a mistake between Laura and Anne Catherick, or the handwriting be declared by our enemies to be a clever fraud—all these are assumptions which, more or less, set plain probabilities at defiance; but let them pass—and let us ask ourselves what would be the first consequence of the first questions put to Laura herself on the subject of the conspiracy. We know only too well what the consequence would be—for we know that she has never recovered her memory of what happened to her in London. Examine her privately, or examine her publicly, she is utterly incapable of assisting the assertion of her own case. If you don't see this, Marian, as plainly as I see it, we will go to Limmeridge and try the experiment to-morrow."

"I *do* see it, Walter. Even if we had the means of paying all the law expenses, even if we succeeded in the end, the delays would be unendurable; the perpetual suspense, after what we have suffered already, would be heart-breaking. You are right about the hopelessness of going to Limmeridge. I wish I could feel sure that you are right also in determining to try that last chance with the Count. *Is* it a chance at all?"

"Beyond a doubt, Yes. It is the chance of recovering the lost date of Laura's journey to London. Without returning to the reasons I gave you some time since, I am still as firmly persuaded as ever that there is a discrepancy between the date of that journey and the date on the certificate of death. There lies the weak point of the whole conspiracy—it crumbles to pieces if we attack it in that way; and the means of attacking it are in possession of the Count. If I succeed in wresting them from him, the object of your life and mine is fulfilled. If I fail, the wrong that Laura has suffered will, in this world, never be redressed."

"Do you fear failure yourself, Walter?"

"I dare not anticipate success; and, for that very reason, Marian, I speak openly and plainly, as I have spoken now. In my heart and my conscience I can say it—Laura's hopes for the future are at their lowest ebb. I know that her fortune is gone; I know that the last chance of restoring her to her place in the world lies at the mercy of her worst enemy, of a man who is now absolutely unassailable, and who may remain unassailable to the end. With every worldly advantage gone from her; with all prospect of recovering her rank and station more than doubtful; with no clearer future before her than the future which her husband can provide—the poor drawing-master may harmlessly open his heart at last. In the days of her prosperity, Marian, I was only the teacher who guided her hand—I ask for it, in her adversity, as the hand of my wife!"

Marian's eyes met mine affectionately—I could say no more. My heart was full, my lips were trembling. In spite of myself, I was in danger of appealing to her pity. I got up to leave the room. She rose at the same moment, laid her hand gently on my shoulder, and stopped me.

"Walter!" she said, "I once parted you both, for your good and for hers. Wait here, my Brother!—wait, my dearest, best friend, till Laura comes, and tells you what I have done now!"

For the first time since the farewell morning at Limmeridge she touched my forehead with her lips. A tear dropped on my face as she kissed me. She turned quickly, pointed to the chair from which I had risen, and left the room.

I sat down alone at the window, to wait through the crisis of my life. My mind, in that breathless interval, felt like a total blank. I was conscious of nothing but a painful intensity of all familiar perceptions. The sun grew blinding bright; the white sea-birds chasing each other far beyond me, seemed to be flitting before my face; the mellow murmur of the waves on the beach was like thunder in my ears.

The door opened, and Laura came in alone. So she had entered the breakfast-room at Limmeridge House on the morning when we parted. Slowly and falteringly, in sorrow and in hesitation, she had once approached me. Now she came with the haste of happiness in her feet, with the light of happiness radiant in her face. Of their own accord, those dear arms clasped themselves round me; of their own accord, the sweet lips came to meet mine. "My darling!" she whispered, "we may own we love each other now!" Her head nestled with a tender contentedness on my bosom. "Oh," she said, innocently, "I am so happy at last!"

Ten days later we were happier still. We were married.

II.

The course of this narrative, steadily flowing on, bears me away from the morning-time of our married life, and carries me forward to the End.

In a fortnight more we three were back in London, and the shadow was stealing over us of the struggle to come.

Marian and I were careful to keep Laura in ignorance of the cause that had hurried us back—the necessity of making sure of the Count. It was now the beginning of May, and his term of occupation at the house in Forest Road expired in June. If he renewed it (and I had reasons, shortly to be mentioned, for anticipating that he would), I might be certain of his not escaping me. But if by any chance he disappointed my expectations and left the country—then I had no time to lose in arming myself to meet him as I best might.

In the first fullness of my new happiness there had been moments when my resolution faltered—moments when I was tempted to be safely content, now that the dearest aspiration of my life was fulfilled in the possession of Laura's love. For the first time, I thought faintheartedly of the greatness of the risk; of the adverse chances arrayed against me; of the fair promise of our new lives, and of the peril in which I might place the happiness which we had so hardly earned. Yes! let me own it honestly. For a brief time I wandered, in the sweet guiding of love, far from the purpose to which I had been true under sterner discipline and in darker days. Innocently, Laura had tempted me aside from the hard path—innocently, she was destined to lead me back again. At times, dreams of the terrible past still disconnectedly recalled to her, in the mystery of sleep, the events of which her waking memory had lost all trace. One night (barely two weeks after our marriage), when I was watching her at rest, I saw the tears come slowly through her closed eyelids, I heard the faint murmuring words escape her which told me that her spirit was back again on the fatal journey from Blackwater Park. That unconscious appeal, so touching and so awful in the sacredness of her sleep, ran through me like fire. The next day was the day we came back to London—the day when my resolution returned to me with ten-fold strength.

The first necessity was to know something of the man. Thus far, the true story of his life was an impenetrable mystery to me.

I began with such scanty sources of information as were at my own disposal. The important narrative written by Mr. Frederick Fairlie (which Marian had obtained by following the directions I had given to her in the winter) proved to be of no service to the special object with which I now looked at it. While reading it, I reconsidered the disclosure revealed to me by Mrs. Clements, of the series of deceptions which had brought Anne Catherick to London, and which had there devoted her to the interests of the conspiracy. Here, again, the Count had not openly committed himself; here again, he was, to all practical purpose, out of my reach.

I next returned to Marian's journal at Blackwater Park. At my request she read to me again a passage which referred to her past curiosity about the Count, and to the few particulars which she had discovered relating to him.

The passage to which I allude occurs in that part of her journal which delineates his character and his personal appearance. She describes him as "not having crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past"—as "anxious to know if any Italian gentlemen were settled in the nearest town to Blackwater Park"—as "receiving letters with all sorts of odd stamps on them, and one with a large, official-looking seal on it." She is inclined to consider that his long absence from his native country may be accounted for by assuming that he is a political exile. But she is, on the other hand, unable to reconcile this idea with his reception of the letter from abroad, bearing "the large, official-looking seal"—letters from the Continent addressed to political exiles being usually the last to court attention from foreign post-offices in that way.

The considerations thus presented to me in the diary, joined to certain surmises of my own that grew out of them, suggested a conclusion which I wondered I had not arrived at before. I now said to myself—what Laura had once said to Marian at Blackwater Park; what Madame Fosco had overheard by listening at the door—the Count is a Spy!

Laura had applied the word to him at hazard, in natural anger at his proceedings toward herself. *I* applied it to him, with the deliberate conviction that his vocation in life was the vocation of a Spy. On this assumption, the reason for his extraordinary stay in England, so long after the objects of the conspiracy had been gained, became, to my mind, quite intelligible.

The year of which I am now writing was the year of the famous Crystal Palace Exhibition in Hyde Park. Foreigners, in unusually large numbers, had arrived already and were still arriving in England. Men were among us, by thousands, whom the ceaseless distrustfulness of their governments had followed privately, by means of appointed agents, to our shores. My surmises did not for a moment class a man of the Count's abilities and social position with the ordinary rank and file of foreign spies. I suspected him of holding a position of authority, of being intrusted, by the government which he secretly served, with the organization and management of agents specially employed in this country, both men and women; and I believed Mrs. Rubelle, who had been so opportunely found to act as nurse at Blackwater Park, to be, in all probability, one of the number.

Assuming that this idea of mine had a foundation in truth, the position of the Count might prove to be more assailable than I had hitherto ventured to hope. To whom could I apply to know something more of the man's history, and of the man himself, than I knew now?

In this emergency, it naturally occurred to my mind that a countryman of his own, on whom I could rely, might be the fittest person to help me. The first man whom I thought of, under these circumstances, was also the only Italian with whom I was intimately acquainted—my quaint little friend, Professor Pesca.

The Professor has been so long absent from these pages, that he has run some risk of being forgotten altogether. It is the necessary law of such a story as mine, that the persons concerned in it only appear when the course of events takes them up—they come and go, not by favor of my personal partiality, but by right of their direct connection with the circumstances to be detailed. For this reason, not Pesca only, but my mother and sister as well, have been left far in the background of the narrative. My visits to the Hampstead cottage; my mother's lamentable belief in the denial of Laura's identity which the conspiracy had accomplished; my vain efforts to overcome the prejudice, on her part and on my sister's, to which, in their jealous affection for me, they both continued to adhere; the painful necessity which that prejudice imposed on me of concealing my marriage from them till they had learned to do justice to my wife—all these little domestic occurrences have been left unrecorded, because they were not essential to the main interest of the story. It is nothing that they added to my anxieties and embittered my disappointments—the steady march of events has inexorably passed them by.

For the same reason, I have said nothing here of the consolation that I found in Pesca's brotherly affection for me when I saw him again after the sudden cessation of my residence at Limmeridge House. I have not recorded the fidelity with which my warm-hearted little friend followed me to the place of embarkation when I sailed for Central America, or the noisy transport of joy with which he received me when we next met in London. If I had felt justified in accepting the offers of service which he made to me on my return, he would have appeared again long ere this. But, though I knew that his honor and his courage were to be implicitly relied on, I was not so sure that his discretion was to be trusted; and, for that reason only, I followed the course of all my inquiries alone. It will now be sufficiently understood that Pesca was not separated from all connection with me and my interests, although he has hitherto been separated from all connection with the progress of this narrative. He was as true and as ready a friend of mine still as ever he had been in his life.

Before I summoned Pesca to my assistance, it was necessary to see for myself what sort of man I had to deal with. Up to this time I had never once set eyes on Count Fosco.

Three days after my return with Laura and Marian to London, I set forth alone for Forest Road, St. John's Wood, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a fine day—I had some hours to spare—and I thought it likely, if I waited a little for him, that the Count might be tempted out. I had no great reason to fear the chance of his recognizing me in the daytime, for the only occasion when I had been seen by him was the occasion on which he had followed me home at night.

No one appeared at the windows in the front of the house. I walked down a turning which ran past the side of it, and looked over the low garden wall. One of the back windows on the lower floor was thrown up, and a net was stretched across the opening. I saw nobody; but I heard in the room, first, a shrill whistling and singing of birds—then the deep ringing voice which Marian's description had made familiar to me. "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties!" cried the voice. "Come out, and hop up stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The Count was exercising his canaries, as he used to exercise them in Marian's time at Blackwater Park.

I waited a little while, and the singing and the whistling ceased. "Come, kiss me, my pretties!" said the deep voice. There was a responsive twittering and chirping—a low, oily laugh—a silence of a minute or so—and then I heard the opening of the house door. I turned and retraced my steps. The magnificent melody of the Prayer in Rossini's "Moses," sung in a sonorous bass voice, rose grandly through the suburban silence of the place. The front garden gate opened and closed. The Count had come out.

He crossed the road, and walked toward the western boundary of the Regent's Park. I kept on my own side of the way, a little behind him, and walked in that direction also.

Marian had prepared me for his high stature, his monstrous corpulence, and his ostentatious mourning garments—but not for the horrible freshness and cheerfulness and vitality of the man. He carried his sixty years as if they had been fewer than forty. He sauntered along wearing his hat a little on one side, with a light jaunty step; swinging his big stick; humming to himself; looking up from time to time at the houses and gardens on either side of him with superb, smiling patronage. If a stranger had been told that the whole neighborhood belonged to him, that stranger would not have been surprised to hear it. He never looked back: he paid no apparent attention to me, no apparent attention to any one who passed him on his own side of the road—except, now and then, when he smiled and smirked, with an easy, paternal good-humor, at the nurserymaids and the children whom he met. In this way he led me on till we reached a colony of shops outside the western terraces of the Park.

Here he stopped at a pastry-cook's, went in (probably to give an order), and came out again immediately with a tart in his hand. An Italian was grinding an organ before the shop, and a miserable little shriveled monkey was sitting on the instrument. The Count stopped, bit a piece for himself out of the tart, and gravely handed the rest to the monkey. "My poor little man!" he said, with grotesque tenderness, "you look hungry. In the sacred name of humanity, I offer you some lunch!" The organ-grinder piteously put in his claim to a penny from the benevolent stranger. The Count shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and passed on.

We reached the streets and the better class of shops between the New Road and Oxford Street. The Count stopped again, and entered a small optician's shop, with an inscription in the window announcing that repairs were neatly executed inside. He came out again, with an opera-glass in his hand; walked a few paces on, and stopped to look at a bill of the Opera placed outside a music-seller's shop. He read the bill attentively, considered a moment, and then hailed an empty cab as it passed him. "Opera-box office," he said to the man, and was driven away.

I crossed the road, and looked at the bill in my turn. The performance announced was "Lucrezia Borgia," and it was to take place that evening. The opera-glass in the Count's hand, his careful reading of the bill, and his direction to the cabman, all suggested that he proposed making one of the audience. I had the means of getting an admission for myself and a friend to the pit, by applying to one of the scene-painters attached to the theatre, with whom I had been well acquainted in past times. There was a chance, at least, that the Count might be easily visible among the audience to me, and to any one with me; and, in this case, I had the means of ascertaining whether Pesca knew his countryman or not that very night.

This consideration at once decided the disposal of my evening. I procured the tickets, leaving a note at the Professor's lodgings on the way. At a quarter to eight I called to take him with me to the theatre. My little friend was in a state of the highest excitement, with a festive flower in his button-hole, and the largest opera-glass I ever saw hugged up under his arm.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Right-all-right," said Pesca.

We started for the theatre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

DETAILS of news from Utah to the 6th inst. are given by correspondents. The National Anniversary was observed in spirited style in that place—Governor Cumming, Brigham Young, and all the other dignitaries of the Mormon Church taking part in the proceedings. The prospect for the grain crops throughout the Territory is reported to be very good, though the hay crop is believed to be lighter than that of last year. Labor is scarce and high. The work on the Temple, which was stopped at the time of the expected collision between the Mormons and the army, has been recommenced—a fact which would seem to indicate that the followers of Brigham have not yet decided to leave their "improvements" in Utah for a new home, either in Oceanica or the East India Islands.

THE METEOR AGAIN.

Mr. G. P. Bond writes as follows to the Boston *Advertiser*, under date of Harvard College Observatory, July 28: "The evidence collected from a larger number of observations does not materially change the path of the great meteor, as communicated by me to the *Advertiser* of the 26th. It indicates, however, that, instead of falling upon our globe, or being consumed, like most bodies of its class, before reaching it, it may have passed beyond the limits of the atmosphere, and resumed its original character as a wanderer in the planetary spaces. The accounts from the sea-board agree tolerably well in describing its disappearance as a gradual fading away, at a considerable altitude above the horizon, sufficient to

carry its path, when prolonged, quite clear of contact with the earth. If the velocity, relative to the earth's surface, of 20 miles a second be admitted, it follows that the greater part of the apparent motion of the meteor was due to our motion in the solar system, and that the major axis of the orbit of this little asteroid, and the period of describing its complete circuit about the sun, must have been less than those of the earth. A telescopic view of the meteor was enjoyed by Mr. C. A. Damon, of Boston, who had the singular good fortune to catch sight of it in full course, with a telescope of five inches aperture."

PERSONAL.

Among the recent arrivals from Havana is that of Señor Don Antonio Mantilla, the Civil Governor of that city, and formerly Civil Governor of the Province of Cadiz. His appointment to the first-named position was the only instance for many years where a civilian had been selected for the place, and the nomination by the Captain-General, and confirmation by the Home Government, is supposed to show a determination to have civil offices filled by civilians. Señor Mantilla comes to the United States for the benefit of his health, and also to make himself familiar with our principal institutions. He is accompanied by the Brigadier-General of the Spanish Navy and the Major-General of the Army.

A note to the Boston *Transcript* informs the world of the whereabouts and present occupation of Miss Fredrika Bremer. She left Jerusalem in May, 1859, after a full survey of the most interesting parts of Palestine, having lived in convents, and seen much denied to less distinguished travelers. She undertook the most adventurous excursions on horseback into the interior, with a single Arab as her guide and servant, not fearing the wild Bedouins of the desert. She has examined the Holy Land from Mount Libanus to the Dead Sea; visited the memorable places; passed to Constantinople, Smyrna, and the great places in the East; and then reached Athens to rest and write. She has arranged and copied her notes on Switzerland. Her travels in the East and Greece will make two other works. She will spend this summer among the Greek Islands, and return to rest one more winter at Athens. She promises to give to the world a treatise on Prayer, which is already completed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD BROUGHAM'S APOLOGY.

At the adjourned meeting of the International Congress on the 18th ult., Lord Brougham apologized to Mr. Dallas for the insult offered on the previous day in the following language:

"I exceedingly regret that the observations I made on the first day have been interpreted into something disrespectful to the United States. No one who has known me will accuse me of such an intention. I respect our brethren of the United States, even when I differ from them. When I called attention, in the presence of our friend, Mr. Dallas, to the, in my opinion, important statistical fact that a most respectable colored gentleman, from Canada, was a member of the Congress, I only called his attention to it just as I would the attention of our excellent friend the representative of the Brazils, who is here to-day; and, God knows, I do not entertain the slightest disrespect for the Brazils. I ought also to have called the attention of the Count de Ripalde (the Spanish representative) to the same subject; they have colonies, and they have persons of various colors in their possessions. I call his attention to it hereby." (Applause.)

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham, having reminded the noble lord who had just sat down (Earl Granville) that he had, about a fortnight or three weeks ago, taken occasion to complain of the course pursued by Sir S. Cunard—who was in the receipt of a subsidy from the Government for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic—in refusing to accommodate persons of color with first-class passages in his vessels, observed that he had mentioned the case of a gentlewoman of African descent, to whom such accommodation had been refused, and who had been told she must make the voyage from America to this country in another part of the vessel as a second-class passenger. At the time when he made that statement it was supposed that it could hardly be correct, but it had since been confirmed; nay, more, he found that the lady in question had been obliged to return as a second-class passenger to America. He wished to know from the noble lord the nature of the contract with Sir S. Cunard—whether it was confined to the carriage of the mails, or included mails and passengers.

Earl Granville thought the noble lord, feeling a strong interest in the case, had been perfectly justified in calling the attention of the House to the matter. At the same time, the question being one of contract between the parties, it was impossible for the Government to interfere.

Lord Brougham said an action arising out of a case of the same sort was brought some years ago, and damages would certainly have been awarded against the defendant as a common carrier if the matter had not been compromised.

FRANCE.

IMPERIAL SCANDAL.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A good deal of Imperial scandal is just now on the *tapis*. It is said that the Emperor made it a point that he should be present at the opening of his uncle Jerome's papers, and that Prince Napoleon's reply was they had already been removed for safe custody to England. It is boldly asserted that among them are letters from Louis, ex-King of Holland, solemnly asserting that the marriage of Hortense and himself was never consummated, and that consequently every child of hers was illegitimate. Nay, more, that he was from the first conversant with the intrigue that had subsisted between Napoleon I. and his wife, and that as for Louis Napoleon, he was as much the son of the Dutch Admiral as Count Morney was that of Count Flahant. If all this be true, it is possible that Prince Napoleon may think to hold these letters *in terrorem* over the head of the Emperor: not that I should think the man who with his own right arm and his own strong head has risen to his present lofty height would bate one jot of his pretensions from any bugbear of this kind."

A BRITISH PARALLEL.

He adds: "But queer things happen in all families, even when they are so well regulated as George the Third's. There was—in fact, I believe he is still living—a man called by his intimates Tommy Garth. It was whispered that he was the son of one of George the Third's daughters by General Garth. One day, however, the General believed himself to be *in extremis*, and, calling to his bedside his putative son, he desired him, after his death, to inspect a certain cabinet, of which he gave him the key, as in it he would find a packet of letters of great importance to him. The General got well, but Tommy Garth's curiosity was so excited that he managed to get hold of the papers, notwithstanding. They were in the handwriting of George the Third, thanking General Garth for saving the honor of his family, and of the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Princess Sophia, respecting his birth. The Duke of York's letter to the Prince of Wales was to say—in very familiar language—that Sophy was with child by Ernest, and that there was the devil to pay; and there were letters from the Princess Sophia and the Duke of Cumberland (Ernest) admitting the gentle impeachment. Garth, who was troubled with little delicacy, took post and hastened to Frogmore, where the Princess Sophia was, telling the lady in waiting that he wanted to see his 'mother.' Of course he was denied this filial request. But the following day Sir Herbert Taylor paid him a visit, and having heard his statement, and, in fact, seen the documents, demanded the price of them. 'Ten thousand a year and a peerage,' was the reply. He returned a day or two after, and offered £5000 a year and a place about the Court. All things were ready for signatures, when, at the eleventh hour, it was discovered that Garth had had an attested copy of the documents taken, which, of course, entirely neutralized the value of the originals. The negotiation, therefore, fell to the ground. But Tommy Garth to this day is supported, I am told, by the Court. He is always in prison; but when things come to the worst, and he is about to take the benefit of the insolvent Act, an angel comes to him unawares, pays his liabilities, and avoids all exposure.

"Some years ago he ran away with the beautiful wife of Sir Jacob Astley, and daughter of Sir Henry Dashwood. She forsook a handsome husband and £40,000 a year to share penury and imprisonment with little fat Garth. She died about a year after having borne him a daughter."

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT NAPLES.

Telegraphic dispatches state that the Neapolitan Government had ordered the removal of the Royal Guard from Naples. The other troops were to be confined to the fortresses, and their posts intrusted to the National Guard.

The punishment of the bastinado had been abolished, and the Prefect of Police had issued an ordinance doing away with the secret dungeons in all the prisons.

The Neapolitan Envoys at Turin had had several interviews with Count Cavour, and M. de la Greca, the Envoy from Naples to Paris, had been received by M. Thouvenel.

Advices from Naples say that as soon as the reactionary movement of the 15th occurred, the Ministers went in a body to the King and insisted upon resigning unless the authors of the riot were brought to a court-martial. The King at once went to all the barracks, harangued the troops, and made all the officers and soldiers take an oath to be faithful to the Constitution. The Ministers thereupon withdrew their resignations, and the members of the Corps Diplomatique called upon the King and congratulated him.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

There is little or no news from Sicily. The Malta *Times* of the 12th of July publishes the following intelligence from Sicily:

"Messina, *July* 10, 1860.

"Very little of importance has taken place here during the week. On Tuesday last two Neapolitan frigates passed through the straits on their way to Trieste. They had on board the Queen-Mother and all her family, besides about thirty of the Court attached to the Bourbons.

"A large number of Italians are arriving at Palermo. The *Intrepid*, which came in on Saturday, the 7th inst., brought the news that four steamers were continually running between Genoa and Palermo, crammed with men. Young Garibaldi has arrived in Girgenti with several officers, to establish order in that place, and a regiment of Italians was on its way there.

"Melazzo, a place near Barcelona, is to be attacked during this week. There were about a thousand men there, but the officers are deserting fast. Yesterday evening the commandant of this place dispatched the French transport *Bresli*, with the 1st King's Regiment of the Line, as a reinforcement. Colonel Medici, shortly after his arrival at Barcelona, went to Melazzo to reconnoitre, and said that two hours' work would be enough to take the castle there. I suppose in a day or two we shall have the Royal defenders of that place returning here in dribblets without shoes or arms. Several Royalists have received orders to quit Messina. Telegraphic communication between Messina and Catania is interrupted."

Another letter from Messina of the same date says that Garibaldi was within twenty miles of Messina, and confirms the statement made above that Melazzo was to be at once attacked. Garibaldi on the 4th of July completed his 53d year, and the day was observed as a holiday in Sicily. The desertions of the Royal troops continued, and a proclamation of General Medici, calling upon the garrison of Messina to make common cause with the patriots, was circulated throughout the town.

AN ALLOCUTION FROM THE POPE.

The Pope had pronounced an allocution, energetically protesting against the Piedmontese Government, on account of the arrests and condemnation of the Bishops of Pisa, Imola, Faenza, and Piacenza, approving the conduct of these bishops, and designating the annexation of the Duchies and the Legations to Piedmont as a usurpation.

A PAPAL PRISONER.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: As soon as the constitution was framed and the amnesty had opened the prison doors, it was noised abroad that a man who had been shut up in secret was still confined in the prison of San Francisco. He was taken thence by some young men who had also been confined there, and was benevolently received in his own house by the advocate Pasquale Abenare, who has clothed and fed him ever since. The poor victim of oppression has created great interest here, and among others Mr. Elliot and the Marchese Villamarina have been to visit him. I have done the same, and the following harrowing story I have received from his own lips, in the presence of Abenare, of a Neapolitan friend, and of a foreign Consul:

"I landed in Genoa, from Boston, somewhere in 1853, and, wishing to see the south of Italy, traveled till I came near Viterbo, when I was cautioned not to go to Rome; but I still persevered in my intention of doing so, when I was arrested as not having a passport, and carried to the Eternal City, where I was placed in the Carcere Nuovo.

TORTURED AT ROME.

"Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows: My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded, and my bones sounded 'Crick, crick!' There was another species of torment practiced upon me, which was this: At night, while sleeping, the door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it I can not tell. The keepers were astonished, and said they had never had such an instance. 'But you will never get out alive,' said the Carporale Rosaloi. I replied that I never expected so to do, and prayed for the Angel of Death to come. The worst torture of all, however, was the prison itself, a room into which a few rays of light struggled from above, and the stench of which—for it had been used by the jailers as a privy—was as bad as death. For three months I suffered thus; and then, without any reason assigned, was taken from it and placed, always alone, in a room called the 'Salone dei Preti,' a large, airy room, and was well fed and well treated for twenty-one months more. I was the prisoner of the Cardinal Secretary Antonelli.

TORTURED AT NAPLES.

"About the middle of 1855, again without any reason being given, I was sent off to Naples; was placed first in the Vicaria, and afterward in San Francisco, in a small, close room, where I have been detained four and a half years. I was questioned on several occasions, and at last refused to answer, saying that my persecutors already knew what I had to say; that I was unjustly and illegally confined, and nothing should compel me to utter another word. On another occasion I was called before Bianchini, the Director of Police, who interrogated me. I appealed against my sufferings, and all the reply I received was '*Va bene! va bene!*' from a Christian man to one suffering as I was! I have been asked to send a *supplica* for my liberation, but my invariable answer was, 'I will die first; never will I ask any thing of this Government.' When first I arrived here I had a little money, which for a short time procured me better food than the prison fare, and then by degrees I sold my clothes. At last I sold, at times, my black bread to have a little salt to sprinkle over my beans, and sometimes to procure some incense to relieve the horrid stench of my prison. As for water for purposes of cleanliness it was never supplied me, and all that I could do was to dip one of my own rags in a jug of drinking water and wash some portions of my body. During the day I could repose, but at night I was covered with black beetles, fleas, and lice, and every conceivable species of vermin. I expected death, and desired and prayed for it as a relief, but it never came.

HIS CLOTHING AND APPEARANCE.

"My clothes were at last so reduced that I was all but naked, and so I have passed four summers and winters pacing up and down my narrow chamber. I will show you my prison dress," said he, and going out, returned in a few minutes. It might have stood as a model for Lazarus risen from the tomb. The lower part of his body was covered with a thin pair of brown drawers, nothing more; on his feet were a pair of shoes with the soles and upper leather all in holes. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of his body was thrown a rag, something like a coarse kitchen towel, one corner of which he had placed on his head, and as the long elfin locks which had not been cut for many years hung down far below his shoulders, he appeared more like a brute beast than a Christian man. "See this rag," said he, "how I have botched it! This was my dress, and so clad I paced up and down my solitary den." "When I heard of his state," said the benevolent Arenare, whose name should be known and honored, "I sent him some clothes, otherwise he could not have left his prison; and when he entered my house I thought I had never witnessed such a sight. He was supported by two persons, for he could scarcely walk, and stared about, exclaiming, 'Where am I?' He was evidently lost. He has somewhat recovered in appearance, but his eyes are still half-closed, as though unaccustomed to the light, and the indications of suffering are unmistakable. 'You were astonished by what you have seen,' said a friend who was with me, 'and yet in the Vicaria I have seen hundreds of such sights.'"

A SECRET TREATY BETWEEN PIEDMONT AND FRANCE.

The *Times* Special Correspondent at Palermo writes that the existence of a secret treaty between France and Piedmont has been discovered by Garibaldi. By the terms of this treaty Piedmont will be allowed to annex the two Sicilies; but she must not touch Umbria and the Marches unless the populations first revolt, in which case these also may be annexed. As to Venice, Piedmont may win her from Austria if she can, but she must not count on aid from France. In return for all this, Piedmont is to relinquish to France the islands of Sardinia and Elba, and make other territorial grants. This treaty is alleged to be already signed, as truly as was that of Plombières, which surrendered Savoy and Nice to France.

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM THE LEBANON.

We have news from Syria down to the 11th ult. No further incident of importance had taken place, but the state of things continued to be very grave, and not less than 32,000 fugitives from the interior had arrived at Beyrout and Leyda. A dispatch from Beyrout, *via* Marseilles, says that the Christians of Damascus no longer quit their houses. The French Consul displays the greatest energy, being supported by Abd-el-Kader, with 1200 Algerians. M. Portalis, a French cotton-twist manufacturer in the Lebanon, has saved the Christian inhabitants of the neighboring villages, having granted a refuge to 1800 persons, and driven back the enemy. The Pasha affects to negotiate for peace, but the Maronite tribes are claiming indemnity.

Great anxiety was felt at Beyrout respecting the fate of the Christians who had taken refuge in the south of Kesrouan, to the number of 45,000, and who were surrounded by the Druses and Mutualis in much greater numbers.

French consular reports received from Syria state that the massacres which had taken place are the result of a conspiracy of the Mussulman populace. The report having been spread among the Druses that European diplomacy was about to drive away the Turks from Europe, the Druses determined on exterminating the Christians in Syria. The French Consul at the port will be unable to repress a rising which had been organized in its own favor. Under these circumstances the Emperor of the French has declared that, although inviting the Powers who had signed the treaties of the 30th of March, 1856, to give their concurrence for an efficient protection of the Christians in Syria, France, on her own account, will never fail in her mission of humanity, and is resolved upon immediately sending an armed expedition to Syria.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "I hear that Abd-el-Kader has, from a feeling of gratitude toward the Emperor of the French, offered his services for the suppression of the atrocities in the Lebanon. If the French Government will place at his disposal 3000 good troops, he engages to pacify the Mountain in very little time. He would prefer having the Algerian tirailleurs; but this is not to be thought of. With all Abd-el-Kader's scrupulous regard for his word, it would, perhaps, be better not to place too great a temptation in his way.

"Something is said of the issue of 200,000,000 of Treasury Bonds for the expedition to Syria, which I again hear is to be on a large scale.

"General Trochu is the Envoy Extraordinary dispatched by the Emperor of the French to Syria. He has left Paris, and is to embark on board the new steamship-of-the-line *Fontenoy*, at Toulon. The appointment of General Trochu as Envoy to Syria shows that his mission is more military than civil; and it is said that the General will be followed by a division of troops, to be drawn from the army of Lyons. Six steam gun-boats have been dispatched from Toulon to the coast of Syria, at the request of Commodore de la Ronciere le Nourry, who commands the French fleet in the Levant."

AN INSTANCE OF DRUSE CRUELTY.

A correspondent of the London *News* writes: "To give you some idea of what these Druses are, I will enumerate a few instances of their frightful barbarity, all of which I have heard from the unfortunate sufferers themselves, now refugees from Lebanon: One poor woman—I knew both her husband and herself well at Deir-el-Kamar, where they were wealthy people—told me that when the Druses attacked the town the second time (I should mention that it had surrendered, and all the inhabitants had given up their arms some twenty-four days previously to the Druses, and had been promised protection by their sheiks), her husband was hacked to pieces before her eyes by the large knives of the Druses, who then declared that they must kill all male children in the house. The mother tried to hide her two sons—one 15, the other 9 years old. The Druses, however, found them out, and as she begged and prayed for their lives, and endeavored to cover them in a corner with her person, the Druses hacked at the lads over her shoulder, and gashed them until they both dropped down apparently lifeless. The Druses then made off, and the woman, thinking her two sons dead, remained in a sort of stupor for two hours—so far as she can calculate. At last she was roused by hearing the eldest lad call her in a faint voice, trying to assure her that he was not yet dead. On this she felt the body of the youngest boy, and found his heart beating. She got some water, and after giving it to both her children—so far as she could get them to drink it—started into the town to see whether she could procure assistance to get her and her boys away. She got as far as the seraglio, or government-house, but there she found that some 500 Christians, who had taken refuge, were being cut to pieces by the Druses, who had been invited to enter the precincts of the building by the Turkish soldiers of the garrison, these latter helping in the butchery, and being so far worse than the Druses that they abused in the most infamous manner all the women. Seeing no help could be obtained here, the poor woman turned to fly, when she came across an old Druse who had formerly been a farm-servant of her husband's. After a great deal of entreaty on her part the man consented to protect her and her children down to the sea-coast, about four hours' journey, on condition of receiving an order on her brother, a wealthy man in Beyrout, for ten thousand piastres. To this she agreed, and they returned together to her house. She had not been absent more than an hour, but she found her two children cut into pieces, joint by joint, 'limb and trunk severed,' to use her words, 'as butchers cut up sheep'—heads, legs, arms, and bodies being hacked up into a shapeless mass of bloody flesh and reeking bones. Some other poor women then joined her, and together they made their way to a mulberry plantation outside the town, where they passed the night. At daybreak they were discovered by a party of Druses, who, after stripping them to find whether they had any money on their persons, and taking away what little they possessed, told them they might go where they liked. Four of the poor creatures had babies, all under a year old. Of these infants two were girls and two boys: the former they did not touch, but the latter, they said, might grow up to be men and bear arms against the Druses; they therefore took the poor little creatures, and before their mothers' eyes tore them up the middle and limb by limb—'exactly,' to use the poor woman's own expression, 'as you tear up a fowl that is to be cooked with pillau.' Remember, all this was done, not in the heat of fighting, but deliberately, in cold blood. And I have heard of eleven other exactly similar cases of child-destruction by the Druses, in nine of which I implicitly believe, having every reason to do so."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS ARRIVAL AT HALIFAX.

At ten o'clock, on 30th July, the Prince of Wales's squadron anchored opposite the dock-yard at Halifax. The Prince left the *Hero* in one of the boats, and at a few minutes before noon landed at the dock-yard, amidst the thunder of salutes from the six British war steamers in port. He was accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle and Major-General Bruce.

He was received at the landing steps by Lord Mulgrave, who was introduced by the Duke of Newcastle, and with whom he shook hands with self-possessed ease and cordiality, at the same time uttering a few words of gratification, while a pleasant smile lighted up his happy-looking countenance.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "I stood near and had a full view of him. He is very prepossessing in appearance, elicited general admiration. In height he is five feet seven, and slightly built. He has a small, but well-formed and full-mouthed face, and his eyes, which have a very merry twinkle, are large and hazel-colored. He has a complexion equal to that of a peach, and looks very healthy. His hair is dark brown, and cut so as to show the lobes of his ears. He wore a black cocked hat with a tuft of white plumes, a red coat with a blue sash across the breast, and a white leather belt round the waist, black trowsers with a thin red stripe down each leg, patent-leather boots, white kid gloves, and a regimental sword."

A SPEECH TO THE MAYOR.

"The Prince listened calmly and attentively to an address from the city of Halifax, and at the end read his reply from a large sheet of draft paper, which was handed to him by General Bruce. His utterance was clear and unfaltering as his mother's, and the expression of face meanwhile just as bland and composed.

"'Gentlemen,—I have been led to expect that the loyalty and attachment to the British Crown which exists among the inhabitants of Halifax would insure to me a kind reception in your city, but the scene which I have witnessed this morning proves that my expectations are more than realized. For your welcome to myself, I feel, I assure you, sincere gratitude, but it is still more satisfactory to me as a son and as an Englishman, to witness your affectionate attachment to the Queen of the laws and institutions of our common country. Your allusion to my illustrious grandfather is also most grateful to my feelings, and I rejoice to find that his memory is cherished among you. In your noble harbor the navies of Great Britain can ride in safety, while you prosecute that commercial activity which, under their protection, would seem destined to make Halifax one of the most important cities of the Western World, and to raise her inhabitants to a high prosperity. That such may be the fate reserved for it by Providence is my very earnest hope. I request you to convey to the citizens of whom you are the representatives my cordial thanks for the greeting they have given me.'

ANOTHER TO THE COUNCIL.

"Mr. Young, the Premier of the Council, then advanced and read to him a long address of welcome, after which the document was handed to him, and by him transferred to the Duke, who handed him a sheet of paper, from which he read as follows. He made a slight mistake in doing so, and colored, but soon regained his self-possession:

"'I am deeply touched with the warmth and cordiality with which I have been welcomed to this colony, and thank you most heartily for your address. It will be my duty, and it certainly will be no less a pleasure to me, to inform Her Majesty of the proof which you have given me of your feelings of loyalty and devotion to her throne, and of your gratitude when those blessings, which it is her happiness to reflect, have during her reign been bestowed upon you and so many others of her subjects in all parts of the world. Most heartily do I sympathize in the pride with which you regard the laurels won by sons of Nova Scotia, and the affection with which you honor the memory of those who have fallen in the service of my country and yours. The monument you refer to will kindle the flame of patriotism in the breasts of those volunteers whom I have passed to-day, and who, in this and the colony which I have lately quitted, are emulating the zeal and gallant spirit which have been exhibited throughout the mother country. One hundred years have now elapsed since the international struggles which retarded the prosperity of this country were brought to a close. May peace and harmony among yourselves complete the good work which then commenced, and increase the happiness and contentment of a loyal and united people.'

"In the afternoon the Prince rode out in plain costume, and received a drenching before he returned, but he sat his horse as coolly in the rain as at starting.

"At half past seven he dined at the Government House with Lord Mulgrave and a party of forty-six ladies and gentlemen."

AT THE BALL.

On Tuesday he reviewed the troops and inspected the citadel. In the evening he went to the grand ball given in his honor. The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "The Prince arrived at the ball, accompanied by all the members of his suite and Lord Mulgrave, at a few minutes before ten. He appeared in his uniform, and looked remarkably well and good-humored. He gave a reception to all present in the ball-room, and they passed him in single file. He danced afterward with Miss Young, niece of the Premier, and the daughter of Mr. Pilsbury, United States Consul. He is a capital waltzer, and a very entertaining partner.

"The ball is a great success, and Albert Edward is in his glory. He evidently likes being lionized, and is fond of gayety and excitement. It is amusing to observe the eyes of the ladies in the room and gallery watching his every movement and gesture, and casting envious glances at his fortunate partners. I heard more than one whisper, 'What a beautiful dancer!' as he glided in the waltz. He rests his partner frequently, and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company. His finest feature is his nose, which is becomingly prominent, and nearly a Roman.

"At the Newfoundland ball he danced eleven of the thirteen dances, but at Halifax he was the hero of seven quadrilles, four waltzes, four gallops, and three polkas."

In firing the salute at Halifax an artilleryman was blown to pieces.

FARTHER PROGRESS.

The Prince left Halifax at seven o'clock on August 2, by cars, for Windsor, accompanied by the Governor, Admiral Milne, General Williams, a brilliant staff, the members of the Government, and both branches of the Legislature. He received a handsome reception. Triumphal arches had been erected, and salutes were fired by the volunteers, artillery, and rifles from Halifax. After a collation he proceeded by land to Huntsport, with an escort of over 200 carriages. He received addresses at Windsor and Huntsport, and embarked at 11.40 in the British gun-boat *Styx*, which, after firing a salute, sailed for St. John.

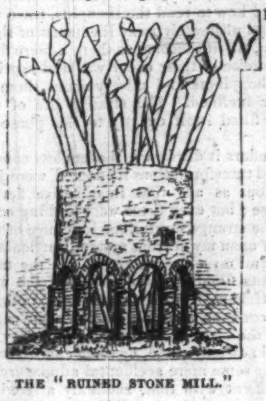
On 2d of August he left, at 7 A.M., by special train, for St. John, N. B., where he arrived on the 3d, and was received by the Governor of the Province and other dignitaries, and the people.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A LADY AT NEWPORT.

A SEASON AT NEWPORT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Being, as is proper in descriptive poetry, slightly topographical in its commencement.



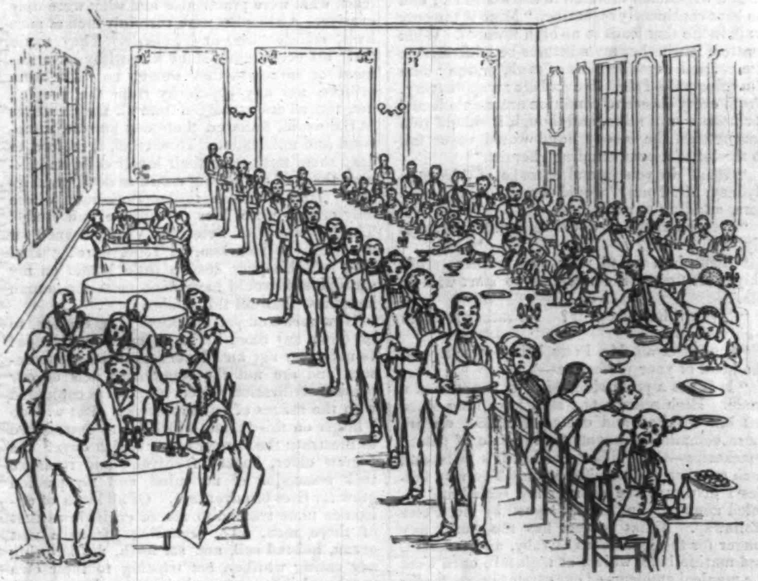
THE "RUINED STONE MILL."

WHERE the rude surges lash the rough rocks on the shore,
And the surf on the beach rumbles in with a roar,
But too tender to crush
The soft sand in its rush,
Ripples back again, quietly whispering "Hush!"
Where the Gulf stream attempers the sea-breeze's chill
Where there's scarcely a tree, and there isn't a hill;
And the only attraction's a ruined stone mill,
Whose origin's wrapped in obscurity still
(Though scholars, to suit their particular likings,
Attribute it either to Settlers or Vikings),
Stands Newport, the watering-place most in vogue—a
Finale to Sharon, Nahant, Saratoga;
Society's types may be found there in plenty;
Maidens of forty and matrons of twenty;
Wall Streeters, worn out with stock operations;
Traveling lions from all foreign nations;
"Attachés" and "chefs" of all sorts of legations:
Heiresses, happy in vast "expectations;"
Young men, whose dancing
Is really entrancing
(As is natural, when we reflect that more pains
Have been spent on their feet, by a deal, than their brains);
Amateurs of both sexes, who make ineffectual
Efforts to be—or to seem—intellectual;

WE'RE LED, WE KNOW NOT WHERE, LIKE MARTYRS.

LEAPING MASCULINITY SURPASSES THE AGILE FLEETNESS OF THE STARTLED DEER.

THERE LINGER, 'MID THE BREAKERS' ROAR, OF FASCINATING NAIADS SOME HALF SCORE.



'TIS OUT OF THE QUESTION IN WORDS TO DEFINE THE SCENE OF OUR [illegible]ASTIC ENDEAVORS TO DINE.

SO WE SUP WITH THE TIGER.

WE'VE SPUN ROUND IN THE WALTZ 'TILL WE'RE ALMOST DEAD.

Fast fortune-hunters, manœuvring mothers,
Horse jockeys, gamblers, musicians — and others.

Imagine, reader, if you please,
That, in the early morning's breeze,
We've just arrivèd, ill at ease,
After a night on board that horrid
Unsound Sound steamer: sitting "forra'd"
(After we had resolved the question
Whether night air or bugs we'd best shun),
With smoking we've impaired digestion.

The wharf's a scene of life and motion:
"Bellevue!" "Atlantic!" "Fillmore!" "Ocean!"
Assail our ears from every side,
Till, quite unable to decide
Where we shall take up summer quarters,
We're led, we know not where, like martyrs.

The landlord meets us at the door,
Dress-coated "azure," buttoned "or;"
And while his men our luggage fall on, he
Shows us our bedrooms in the "Colony."

CANTO THE SECOND.

Giving a faint and inadequate idea of the delights of a day at Newport; also showing how we spend the nights.

Bright mid-day steals upon our morning dreams
Ere we awake to life. Then, with a deal
Of grumbling at the sun's intrusive beams,
We dress for breakfast—desultory meal;
And then, our drooping spirits just to rally,
Take a matutinal (light) "cauda galli."

A quiet weed upon the front piazza
Kills half an hour; at one, Friend Stephen has a
Stage to convey us to the bathing beach,
With easy motion, for a shilling each.
The white flag's falling as we reach the shore,
Yet still there linger, 'mid the breakers' roar,
Of fascinating naiads some half score,

Who look, divested of their usual crinoline,
"Length without breadth," as Euclid doth define a line.
E'en when our blood-red flag begins to rise,
The one inevitable female, faced toward Spain,
From its appeal averts her heedless eyes,
And holds despotic mastery of the main
(As to nude manhood not at all particular),
Till it's a wonder that the brine don't pickle her.
At length she, too, departs—the coast is clear,
And leaping masculinity surpasses
The agile fleetness of the startled deer
To gain the "πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης"
(The genitive, I know, may cause demur,
But then a rhyme was wanting, and, to fill it, I
Quoted verbatim; therefore I transfer
To Father Homer all responsibility).

* * * * * * * *

'Tis out of the question in words to define
The scene of our frantic endeavors to dine,
Where the stomach receives but small aid in its need,
And we suffer for food, though the waiters are *feed*;
But although with my pen I'm unable to shadow it,
Perhaps with the aid of my pencil I may do it.
The band strikes up in the echoing halls,
But its music on ears unheeding falls,
For the ladies are putting on bonnets and shawls
To prepare for the afternoon's drive
At five.
It's a horrible custom, but follow we must,
And swallow our predecessors' dust,
Back and forth, in funereal state—
A vehicular tread-mill—from five to eight.
So we follow the crowd to the beach, or we brave anew
All the collisions and risks of the "Avenue"
(Dangerous always, but now ten times more so
Since it's been watered and known as the "Corso").
Such the confusion of hoofs that hexameter only can stamp 'em
"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

* * * * * * * *

The grease has been scraped from the dining-room floor,
And the tide of fashion begins to pour
Through the sluice-way of hall to the dining-room door:
There are dresses of velvet and silk and "illusion,"
"Ruches" and ribbons in lavish profusion,
Some gold and scarlet on much "tulle" and "tarleton;"
Trimmings of whose names I don't know a quarter,
But which, with the names of the wearers, you'll find
(If you feel so inclined)
Paraded in full by the *Herald* reporter.
So, merely premising that all "look their smartest,"
The author, once more, I shall merge in the artist.
We've spun round in the waltz 'till we're almost dead,
In a German Cotillion which TOPSAWYER led
(With three bran-new figures "all out of his head").
'Tis past two o'clock, but it's never too late
To find easy ingress through "the little green gate;"
So we sup with the "Tiger"—perhaps after that
Get a delicate "scratch" from the animal's "patte"—
And go home to our pillows somewhere about four,
To get through the next day—and the next—as before.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, *July* 19, 1860.

"COME into the garden, Maude," I whisper, coaxingly, at the window—one of those many long windows that open out upon the piazza at the—I dare not tell you what house. "Come into the garden, Maude, for the black-bat night hath flown." And Maude, with her

"Bronze brown hair,"

steps over the sill, and, linking my hand into the muslin-draped cleft of her elbow—for Maude is taller than I by a tantalizing inch or two—we go walking up and down the piazza, in the cool of the day. We meet few people, for the "season" is later than usual, so we have plenty of room for our crinoline to float in; plenty of room, and safe ear-distance, to tell our secrets to each other. This is why I dare not give you the name of our hotel—lest you discover us, or some other early haunter may prick his ears, and, pointing his finger at the revelation, say, "Oh, I know your Maude and Madge; I've seen their girl faces under those little dark jockey-hats, and heard them chattering like magpies as they paced the piazza, arm-in-arm; yet I never thought they meditated any thing literary. I have caught now and then a sentimental quotation, something about a "black bat" and a "garden;" but I put it down as the effervescing of summer romance out of their girls' hearts, and thought no more of it. But now I understand."

That's the way men tell secrets, you know! Don't point *your* finger at me, dear Mr. Editor, and remind me that people sometimes think themselves of much more consequence than they are. I know all that story. That's the way my good grandmother puts me down into the valley of humiliation once in a while. But you and I know what a watering-place is—what Newport is—and how you and I even, who live in a cloud house

——"of the morning's gray,
Faced with amber column"

—you and I, who never gossip and tell naughty stories about our neighbors, catch these little floating, feathery *on dits*, which come under the heading of *locale*, and amuse ourselves therewith over our rolls and coffee. Just the merest feathers, too—the chit-chat of two girls, perhaps, on the —— piazza, when we remember to have seen them before they put themselves in print. Am I sufficiently modest?

While the girls chat a passer remarks,
"There is nothing new under the sun!"

I catch the tone, and look at the speaker's face—a weary face and a weary tone, young and blazé. I think of Browning's "Saul:"

"How good is man's life the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

Nothing new under the sun! Why, man, there is Baréda's new house on the South Touro Road, and the fresh fresco on the dear old Redwood Library!

"Bah! how absurd! Is that facetious?"

Not exactly. I was thinking of the old Newport when Rochambeau made it his head-quarters, and when the French fleet came over—thinking what a difference time makes, and how the pretty Polly Lawton would have opened her lovely eyes at Baréda's house and the fresh fresco—the pretty Polly, whose name is gallantly scratched on some of these old window-panes by one of these very French officers, perhaps—the Duc de Lauzun or the young Count Chastellux.

"Nothing new under the sun!" Go back into the past, then. Come down upon the second beach with me, and let us sit upon the great rocks there—the "hanging rocks," where, years and years ago, a pirate crew were executed. Sitting there, in sight of the restless, ever-changing sea, in that "everlasting wash of air," can you not imagine yourself back into that brilliant past of Lauzun, and Chastellux, and Rochambeau?

En passant, there is a pretty story or two about this same Polly, with whom Lauzun and the rest of these officers were so enchanted—this beautiful Quaker belle—which tradition has preserved, and which I must tell you here lest I forget it. Like most belles, it seems that the lovely Lawton was by no means inclined to release her victims by a decided answer; so there they would hang upon her silken line, and flounder in her dazzling net, till their patience or her own was exhausted, which latter alternative was much more likely, for few understood the power of a smile more than the Lady Lawton. But there came one day a brave fish to the cruel hook. In other and less figurative words, a young man fell in love with the arch little beauty, who was quite as determined as she. For a reasonable time he allowed himself to hang in the mid-air of sweet uncertainty, and then, by a bold stratagem, succeeded in obtaining what no other suitor had—a decided answer. He invited her to ride with him, and when at a goodly distance from the town, laid his heart and worldly possessions at her feet. Aware of her arch foible, he was not surprised at the dexterous manner with which she avoided and turned aside from the question. But, as I have said, he was a determined wooer; and after persisting, and still obtaining no answer, he presented her this alternative—in playful, yet positive terms—that unless she gave him a decided answer—let it be "yes" or "no"—either she must drive back to town sole occupant of the chaise, or walk the distance while he drove by himself, for together they could not return while uncertainty lay between them. To this most novel and startling proposition the lovely Lawton in vain pouted and protested; she could delay no longer in decision, for in the firm, though smiling face beside her she read a will as positive as her own. In vain did she appeal to his gallantry, and reproach him in sarcastic tones for forcing a person to terms of any kind. Resolute through all he waited. She yielded at length, and gave him, not the "yes" which so brave a man deserved, but a tart "no." He received it, however, as bravely as the rest, and forthwith drove back with her, serenely conversant and agreeable, as a man should be.

Maude lifts her pretty head at this disdainfully, and says,

"*I* would have *walked* back under such circumstances!"

And I think she would, upon my word. So my gallant Hilary of the Onetegonth, and my rash young L. L. of the Hon. Dartmouth Downe's Legation, take warning, and don't think to put my princess in a corner, for she will end by putting you in one.

This is story No. 1; now comes story No. 2 of and concerning the said Polly.

One day—let us imagine it was just such a day as this: bright, balmy, and serene—a July day, with a soft wind sweeping over the sea. One day, then, one July day, she sat upon the ponderous old brass-nailed, hair-covered sofa, in the prim parlor, entertaining one of these numerous suitors. As naturally as the little bird drops at the charming eye of his beguiling enemy, so this suitor flings his heart at her feet. Will she take it? She will play with it, naughty charmer! that is all; and something of this kind perhaps she tells him, for he retorts, in considerable heat, an answer which history does not give—some reproach and taunt, it is supposed—which called forth the following remarkable reply, in slow tones of haughty disdain, and looks of supreme indifference:

"Sir, I have refused thirty offers before from this very sofa!"

The matchless *sang froid* of this answer is deserving a perpetual record, and casts about the beautiful Polly a halo of glory which will be handed down amidst generations of belles. There, I have told my stories; and see! the tide is coming in—my sultana slippers will be wet through and through rambling round here.

Mount the box, thou glum-faced Jehu, and let us back to town! So we roll with others up South Touro Road—past Baréda's house. Slowly! Let us look at the great brick mansion, French-roofed and many-windowed. What splendid gate-ways, crowned and pillowed with Nova Scotia sandstone! The contrast is good—the grounds are beautiful—the porter's lodge at the gate, and the whole house, is rich and elegant; but I fancy more, after all, that stately structure of unhewn stone, gleaming in pale grandeur through a line of shrubbery, where it stands lonely and apart in a wide sweep of lawn—the residence of William Wetmore, Esq.

But Baréda's house is the newest thing, you know. It cost, or will cost, they tell us, $200,000, and is certainly worth talking about.

One hardly realizes how the sea encircles every thing, until, in passing through, for instance, a house like this, fronting the broad South Touro drive, whereon multitudes of carriages are rolling, you take a view from its opposite windows, and there, almost at your feet, flows the eternal sea, whose close vicinity you had not suspected as you entered the gate-way and came up the fine blue gravel-paths.

MADGE.

A RIDE FOR A DAY.

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

IT has been said that any man, no matter how small and insignificant the post he may have filled in life, who will faithfully record the events in which he has borne a share, even though incapable of himself deriving profit from the lessons he has learned, may still be of use to others—sometimes a guide, sometimes a warning. I hope this is true. I like to think it so, for I like to think that even I—A. S. P.—if I can not adorn a tale, may at least point a moral.

Certain families are remarkable for the way in which peculiar gifts have been transmitted for ages. Some have been great in arms, some in letters, some in statecraft, displaying in successive generations the same high qualities which had won their first renown. In an humble fashion, I may lay claim to belong to this category. My ancestors have been apothecaries for a period of one hundred and forty odd years back. Joseph Potts, "drug and condiment man," lived, in the reign of Queen Anne, at Lower Liffey Street, No. 87; and to be remembered passingly, has the name of Mr. Addison among his clients; the illustrious writer having, as it would appear, a peculiar fondness for "Potts's Linature," whatever that may have been, for the secret died out with my distinguished forefather. There was Michael Joseph Potts, "licensed for chemicals," in Mary's Abbey, about thirty years later; and so we come on to Paul Potts and Son, and then, Launcelot Peter Potts, "Pharmaceutical Chemist to his Excellency and the Irish Court," the father of him who now bespeaks your indulgence.

My father's great misfortune in life was the ambition to rise above the class his family had adorned for ages. He had, as he averred, a soul above senna, and a destiny higher than black rap. He had heard of a tailor's apprentice becoming a great general. He had himself seen a wig-maker elevated to the woolsack; and he kept continually repeating, "Mine is the only walk in life that leads to no high rewards. What matters it whether my mixtures be addressed to the refined organizations of rank, or the 'dura ilia rasorum'—I shall live and die an apothecary. From every class and condition are men selected for honors save mine, and though it should rain baronetcies, the bloody hand would never fall to the lot of a compounding chemist."

"What do you intend to make of Algernon Sydney, Mr. Potts?" would say one of his neighbors, alluding to me.

"Heaven knows!" would be the sorrowful reply.

"Bring him up to your own business probably? A first-rate connection to start with in life."

"My own business, Sir? I'd rather see him a chimney-sweep."

"But, after all, Mr. Potts, being, so to say, at the head of your profession—"

"It is not a profession, Sir. It is not even a trade. High science and skill have long since left our insulted and outraged ranks; we are mere commission agents for the sale of patent quackeries—the Widow Somebody's pills, and such another one's embrocation. The very bottles I give over the counter are sealed and labeled none genuine except signed by me, Peter Holloway. What respect has the world any longer for the great vials of ruby, and emerald, and marine blue, which, at nightfall, once were the magical emblems of our mysteries, seen afar through the dim mists of lowering atmospheres, or throwing their lurid glare upon the passers-by? What man, now, would have the courage to adorn his surgery—I suppose you would prefer I should call it 'shop'—with skeleton fishes, snakes, or a stuffed alligator? Who, in this age of chemical infidelity, would surmount his door with the ancient symbols of our art—the golden pestle and mortar? Why, Sir, I'd as soon go forth to apply leeches in a herald's tabard, or a suit of Milan mail. And what have they done, Sir?" he would ask, with a roused indignation—"what have they done by their reforms? In invading the mystery of medicine they have ruined its prestige. The precious drops you once regarded as the distilled essence of an elixir vitæ, and whose efficacy lay in your faith, are now so much strychnine, or creosote, which you take with fear, and think over with foreboding."

I suppose it can only be ascribed to that perversity which seems a great element in human nature, that exactly in the direct ratio of my father's dislike to his profession was *my* fondness for it. I used to take every opportunity of stealing into the laboratory, watching intently all the curious proceedings that went on there, learning the names and properties of the various ingredients, the gases, the minerals, the salts, the essences, and although, as may be imagined, science took, in these narrow regions, none of her loftiest flights, they were to me the most marvelous and high-soaring efforts of human intelligence. It chanced that I was just at that period of life, the first opening of adolescence, when fiction and adventure have the strongest hold upon our nature, my mind filled with the marvels of Eastern romance, and imbued with a sentiment, strong as any conviction, that I was destined to a remarkable life. I used to pass days in a dreamland of my own—what I should do in this or that emergency, how rescue myself from such a peril, how profit by such a stroke of fortune, by what arts resist the machinations of this adversary, how conciliate the kind favor of that. In the wonderful tales that I read frequent mention was made of alchemy and its marvels—now, the search was for some secret of endless wealth, now, it was for undying youth or undecaying beauty; while in other stories, I read of men who, by years of patient research, had learned how to read the thoughts, trace the motives, and ultimately sway the hearts of their fellow-men, till life became to them a mere field for the exercise of their every will and caprice, throwing happiness and misery about them as the humor inclined. The strange life of the laboratory fitted itself exactly to this phase of my mind.

The wonders it displayed, the endless combinations and transformations it effected, were just as marvelous as any that imaginative fiction could devise; but even these were nothing compared to the strange mysterious influence of the place itself upon my nervous system, particularly when I found myself there alone. In the tales my head was filled up, many of them the wild fancies of Grimm, Hoffman, or Musæus, nothing was more common than to hear how some eager student of the black art, deep in the mystery of forbidden knowledge, had, by some chance combination, by some mere accidental admixture of this ingredient with that, suddenly arrived at the great SECRET, that terrible mystery which for centuries and centuries had evaded human search. How often have I watched the fluid as it boiled and bubbled in the retort, till I thought the air globules, as they came to the surface, observed a certain rhythm and order. Were these words? Were they symbols of some hidden virtue in the liquid? Were there intelligences to whom these could speak, and thus reveal a wondrous history? And then, again, with what an intense eagerness have I gazed on the lurid smoke that arose from some smelting mass, now fancying that the vapor was about to assume form and substance, and now, imagining that it lingered lazily, as though waiting for some cabalistic word of mine to give it life and being? How heartily did I censure the folly that had ranked alchemy among the absurdities of human invention? Why rather had not its facts been treasured and its discoveries recorded, so that in some future age a great intelligence arising might classify and arrange them, showing, at least, what were practicable and what were only evasive. Alchemists were certainly men of pure lives, self-denying, and humble. They made their art no stepping-stone to worldly advancement or success—they sought no favor from princes, nor any popularity from the people; but, retired and estranged from all the pleasures of the world, followed their one pursuit, unnoticed and unfriended. How cruel, therefore, to drag them forth from their lonely cells, and expose them to the gaping crowd as devil worshipers! How inhuman to denounce men whose only crimes were lives of solitude and study! The last words of Peter von Vordt, burned for a wizard, at Haarlem, in 1306, were: "Had they left this poor head a little longer on my shoulders, it would have done more for human happiness than all this bonfire!"

How rash and presumptuous is it, besides, to set down any fixed limits to man's knowledge! Is not every age an advance upon its predecessors, and are not the commonest acts of our present civilization perfect miracles as compared with the usages of our ancestors? But why do I linger on this theme, which I only introduced to illustrate the temper of my boyish days? As I grew older, books of chivalry and romance took possession of my mind, and my passion grew for lives of adventure. Of all kinds of existence none seemed to me so enviable as that of those men, who, regarding life as a vast ocean, hoisted sail, and set forth, not knowing nor caring whither, but trusting to their own manly spirit for extrication out of whatever difficulties might beset them. What a narrow thing, after all, was our modern civilization, with all its forms and conventionalities, with its gradations of rank and its orders! How hopeless for the adventurous spirit to war with the stern discipline of an age that marshaled men in ranks like soldiers, and told that each could only rise by successive steps! How often have I wondered was there any more of adventure left in life. Were there incidents in store for him who, in the true spirit of an adventurer, should go in search of them. As for the newer worlds of Australia and America, they did not possess for me much charm. No great association linked them with the past; no echo came out of them of that heroic time of feudalism, so peopled with heart-stirring characters. The life of the bush or the prairie had its incidents, but they were vulgar and commonplace; and worse, the associates and companions of them were more vulgar still. Hunting down Pawnees or buffaloes was as mean and ignoble a travesty of feudal adventure as was the gold digging at Bendigo of the learned labors of the alchemist. The perils were unexciting, the rewards prosaic and commonplace. No. I felt that Europe, in some remote regions—and the East, in certain less visited tracts—must be the scenes best suited to my hopes. With considerable labor I could spell my way through a German romance, and I saw, in the stories of Fouqué, and even of Goethe, that there still survived in the mind of Germany many of the features which gave the coloring to a feudal period. There was, at least, a dreamy indifference to the present, a careless abandonment to what the hour might bring forth, so long as the dreamer was left to follow out his fancies in all their mysticism, that lifted men out of the vulgarities of this work-o'-day world; and I longed to see a society where learning consented to live upon the humblest pittance, and beauty dwelt unflattered in obscurity.

I was now entering upon manhood, and my father—having with that ambition so natural to

an Irish parent who aspires highly for his only son, destined me for the Bar—made me a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

What a shock to all the romance of my life were the scenes into which I now was thrown! With hundreds of companions to choose from, I found not one congenial to me. The reading men, too deeply bent upon winning honors, would not waste a thought upon what could not advance their chances of success. The idle, only eager to get through their career undetected in their ignorance, passed lives of wild excess or stupid extravagance. If they had any enthusiasm, it was perhaps for a prize-fighter, the winner in a boat-race, or a ballet-girl.

What was I to do among such associates? What I did do—avoid them, shun them, live in utter estrangement from all their haunts, their ways, and themselves. If the proud man who has achieved success in life encounters immense difficulties when, separating himself from his fellows, he acknowledges no companionship, nor admits any to his confidence, it may be imagined what must be the situation of one who adopts this isolation without any claim to superiority whatever. As can easily be supposed, I was the butt of my fellow-students, the subject of many sarcasms and practical jokes. The whole of my Freshman year was a martyrdom. I had no peace, was rhymed on by poetasters, caricatured by draughtsmen, till the name of Potts become proverbial for all that was eccentric, ridiculous, and absurd.

Curran has said "one can't draw an indictment against a nation;" in the same spirit did I discover "one can not fight his whole division." For a while I believe I experienced a sort of heroism in my solitary state; I felt the spirit of a Coriolanus in my heart, and muttered, "I banish *you*!"—but this self-supplied esteem did not last long, and I fell into a settled melancholy. The horrible truth was gradually forcing its way slowly, clearly through the mists of my mind, that there might be something in all this sarcasm, and I can remember to this hour the day—ay, and the very place—wherein the questions flashed across me: Is my hair as limp, my nose as long, my back as arched, my eyes as green as they have pictured them? Do I drawl so fearfully in my speech? Do I drag my heavy feet along so ungracefully? Good Heavens! have they possibly a grain of fact to sustain all this fiction against me?

And if so—horrible thought—am I the stuff to go forth and seek adventures? Oh the ineffable bitterness of this reflection! I remember it in all its anguish, and even now, after years of such experience as have befallen few men, I can recall the pain it cost me. While I was yet in the paroxysm of that sorrow, which assured me that I was not made for doughty deeds, nor to captivate some fair princess, I chanced to fall upon a little German volume entitled, Wald Wandelungen und Abentheure, von Heinrich Stebbe. Forest rambles and adventures, and of a student too! for so Herr Stebbe announces himself, in a short introduction to the reader. I am not going into any account of his book. It is in Voss's Leipzig Catalogue, and not unworthy of perusal by those who are sufficiently imbued with Germanism to accept the changeful moods of a mystical mind, with all its visionary glimpses of light and shade, its doubts, fears, hopes, and fancies, in lieu of real incidents and actual events. Of adventures, properly speaking, he had none. The people he met, the scenes in which he bore his part, were as commonplace as need be. The whole narrative never soared above that bread-and-butter life—Butterbrod-Leben—which Germany accepts as romance; but meanwhile the reflex of whatever passed around him in the narrator's own mind was amusing; so ingeniously did he contrive to interweave the imaginary with the actual, throwing over the most ordinary pictures of life a sort of hazy indistinctness—meet atmosphere for mystical creation.

If I did not always sympathize with him in his brain-wrought wanderings, I never ceased to take pleasure in his description of scenery, and the heartfelt delight he experienced in journeying through a world so beautiful and so varied. There was also a little wood-cut frontispiece which took my fancy much, representing him as he stood leaning on his horse's mane, gazing rapturously on the Elbe, from one of the cliffs off the Saxon Switzerland. How peaceful he looked, with his long hair waving gracefully on his neck, and his large, soft eyes turned on the scene beneath him, his clasped hands, as they lay on the horse's mane, imparted a sort of repose, too, that seemed to say, "I could linger here ever so long." Nor was the horse itself without a significance in the picture: he was a long-maned, long-tailed, patient-looking beast, well befitting an enthusiast, who doubtless took but little heed of how he went or where. If his lazy eye denoted lethargy, his broad feet and short legs vouched for his sure-footedness.

Why should not I follow Stebbe's example? Surely there was nothing too exalted or extravagant in his plan of life. It was simply to see the world as it was, with the aid of such combinations as a fertile fancy could contribute; not to distort events, but to arrange them, just as the landscape painter, in the license of his craft, moves that massive rock more to the foreground, and throws that stone pine a little further to the left of his canvas. There was, indeed, nothing to prevent my trying the experiment. Ireland was not less rich in picturesque scenery than Germany, and if she boasted no such mighty stream as the Elbe, the banks of the Blackwater and the Nore were still full of woodland beauty; and then, there was lake scenery unrivaled throughout Europe.

I turned to Stebbe's narrative for details of his outfit. His horse he bought at Nordheim for two hundred and forty gulden—about ten pounds; his saddle and knapsack cost him a little more than forty shillings; with his map, guide-book, compass, and some little extras, all were comprised within twenty pounds sterling—surely not too costly an equipage for one who was adventuring on a sea wide as the world itself.

As *my* trial was a mere experiment, to be essayed on the most limited scale, I resolved not to buy, but only hire a horse, taking him by the day, so that if any change of mind or purpose supervened I should not find myself in any embarrassment.

A fond uncle had just left me a legacy of a hundred pounds at this juncture, which, besides, was the season of the long vacation; thus did every thing combine to favor the easy execution of a plan, which I determined forthwith to put into practice.

"Something quiet and easy to ride, Sir, you said?" repeated Mr. Dycer after me, as I entered his great establishment for the sale and hire of horses. "Show the gentleman four hundred and twelve."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I, in my ignorance; "such a number would only confuse me."

"You mistake me, Sir," blandly interposed the dealer; "I meant the horse that stands at that number. Lead him out, Tim. He's gentle as a lamb, Sir, and, if you find he suits you, can be had for a song. I mean a ten-pound note," added he, hastily, and seeing that I was about to commit another misconception.

"Has he a long mane and tail?" asked I, eagerly.

"The longest tail and the fullest mane I ever saw. But here he comes." And with the word there advanced toward us, at a sort of easy amble, a small-sized cream-colored horse, with white mane and tail. Knowing nothing of horse-flesh, I was fain to content myself with such observations as other studies might supply me with; and so I closely examined his head, which was largely developed in the frontal region, with moral qualities fairly displayed. He had memory large, and individuality strong, nor was wit, if it exist in the race, deficient. Over the orbital region the depressions were deep enough to contain my closed fist, and when I remarked upon them to the groom, he said, "'Tis his teeth will tell you the rayson of that;" a remark which I suspect was a sarcasm upon my general ignorance.

I liked the creature's eye greatly. It was soft, mild, and contemplative; and although not remarkable for brilliancy, possessed a subdued lustre that promised well for temper and disposition.

"Ten shillings a day—make it three half crowns by the week, Sir. You'll never hit upon the like of him again," said the dealer, hurriedly, as he passed me, on his other avocations.

"Better not lose him, Sir; he's well known at Batty's, and they'll have him in the circus again if they see him. Wish you saw him with his fore-legs on a table, ringing the bell for his breakfast."

"I'll take him, Mr. Dycer, by the week, though, probably, a day or two will be all I shall need."

"Four hundred and twelve for Mr. Potts," screamed he out. "Shoes removed, and to be ready in the morning."

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home-flock was led, in the matter of years, by daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectional illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who love them look through into the heart, and then imagine it is surface-tint and surface-light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie, shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say.

Looking up, with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do, mother;" and five it was.

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some pease from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the livelong day; for in all the domestic polity Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed fully regal power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood. I was largely engaged in active business, received some slight evidences of public confidence, saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone,

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what's the matter: is she sick?"

"No: she isn't sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—Well, I'm afraid she likes Jemmy Brun."

"Jemmy Brun! She'd better not." And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. "Jemmy Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match!"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it too much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jemmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I *will* put a stop to it."

And who was Jemmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshiped business tact and enterprise. It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after-years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in an academy; was a writer, it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestation of sentiment; for those unthrifty fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp imagery, and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial houses. It springs, I think, from the absolute antagonism of fact and fancy—of the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet. "The Muses frowned on me," said a German poet, "for keeping account books." Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be stored within a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and preventing the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed by times like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Rarey in tact, I should certainly have broken into plungings even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—"as why shouldn't she be?—for Jemmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden."

So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see one evening at twilight, while sauntering out under the shadows of my own grove of forest oaks not far from the house, but two figures flitting slowly hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them. Watched them nervously, glaringly, till I saw Jemmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and look lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront her there, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes, which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and a depth that I never saw before. She passed me; so utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself scarcely less than the child.

"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass.

I raised myself slowly—I am very slow when very angry—and standing stiffly before her glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's angry face at length with perfect composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed: they shall never be written; and would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give him her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her fulfilling her word; for was not Jemmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust? All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I, striding into the sitting-room and breaking in upon a most comfortable afternoon reverie, only relieved by the solemn ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window fell spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "there goes that flower-pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us: she says she will to *me*, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never."

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I *won't* stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. She was gone a long while: from which circumstance I have always had the suspicion that she spent the time in soothings and comfortings scarcely to be considered as abetting my view of the case. At length they returned; both tearful. We sat down together, a constrained group; Minnie very tearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You can not doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so if you will; but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word, and became the wife of Jemmy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers are said to do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jemmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or henceforth. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want." I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave me—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-sparkles.

"Very well, Sir; we will try not to 'come to want.'" That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now. Poor child! it was the sorest trial of all. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had entirely sympathized with me as I supposed, absolutely giving aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that long before the wedding-day came she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in town. Little use was it for me to tighten my purse-strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobes, pillow-cases, counterpanes, and the thousand and one et ceteras in which mothers take such pride and pleasure. In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months after seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of column; and I shrewdly suspect that wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, lest my absence might give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on me with the sparkle of criticism in them.

"He needn't look so savage-like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me; "there ain't a likelier young feller any wheres hereabout than Jemmy Brun; an' though Minnie *be* purty as a pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, unhappy months to me. I knew I was being soured by this self-imposed restraint on the affectional of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the old home-kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bless of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little human blossom was laid in its cradle. A little, struggling wee thing—another little Minnie. Poor me! Here was a new influence to be stemmed, as boats stem another gust and another wave. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the pale child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to the sweetly-beseeching look, "Do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced, and giving to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, as to that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with weakness, illumined by eyes all undimmed by illness, my Minnie gave me the old-time glance of love, and, throwing up her hands, as if to clasp my neck, said, faintly, but oh! so earnestly,

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first-born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think my Minnie did? Why she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense over the fact that not only was Jemmy Brun the best of husbands, but one of the well-known of American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DAMASCUS AND THE HOLY WAR.

COURT OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS.

We engrave herewith three pictures of the city of Damascus, and a portrait of Fuad Pacha, the new Turkish Commissioner to Syria.

Damascus is probably one of the oldest cities in the world. It is mentioned in the 14th chapter of Genesis, and figures prominently in the history of the ancient world. Not only is its vicinity so fertile that it has claimed to have been the "Garden of Paradise," but for many centuries its manufactures were the most costly known in commerce. European ladies of rank boasted of owning Damascene silks, and to this day we talk proverbially about "a Damascus blade." All this glory has long since departed. Damascus is still a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, 12,000 of whom are Christians; it still exports some wheat, tobacco, and hemp, and consumes British manufactures; but its rank among the world's cities is very secondary. Built at a time when the art of building cities was in its infancy, the city, externally, is not very inviting; the streets are narrow and dirty; the river—the ancient Pharpar—is as muddy as the Tiber; and many of the old houses appear to have been constructed more for defense than for ornament. It is only when you enter the court-yards and witness the truly Oriental magnificence of the interior decorations that you realize how rich a city this once was, how much money there is here still, and how few opportunities there are for using money in mercantile enterprise.

This is the city where the latest massacre in Syria occurred. The reader will find details in our news columns.

In our last number we stated that the Government of the Sultan had, in view of the massacres in Syria, dispatched to that region a special en-

DAMASCUS, WITH THE RIVER BARRADA (THE ANCIENT PHARPAR).

FUAD PACHA, THE NEW TURKISH COMMISSIONER TO SYRIA, CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF PROTECTING THE CHRISTIANS.

voy, Fuad Pacha, at the head of ten or twelve thousand men. Physiognomists may form their own opinions from his portrait as to his probable capacity for the arduous task before him.

Fuad Pacha is of a noble Turkish family, and received a modern education—differing in that particular from most Turks of high station. He devoted himself in early life to the public service, and rose successively from post to post, until at the time of the Crimean war he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the most influential member of the Turkish Cabinet. He subsequently represented Turkey at the Congress of Paris. He is well esteemed by European diplomatists, and is believed to be a man who rises superior to the prejudices of his race. We shall see what success he will have in the Lebanon.

For our own part, we freely confess that we expect no redress for the past or security for the future from any Turkish source.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XLI.

INSTINCT AND WONDER.

As the cavalcade trotted round the curve of the peak, and then walked the cattle down the steep zigzag road of the beautiful valley, the Commodore said, "But, Piron, tell me who that large man is with the black hair and blue eyes?"

"Why, Cleveland, all I know of him is, that he landed at Kingston in a vessel from the Isthmus of Panama, and is going to Cuba on his way to England. He came to me, hearing that I was the consignee of old Blunt's older brig, bound to New Orleans, and so home, to know if he could be dropped at St. Jago, where he has some property or debts to collect; and since the old skipper has no objection, he has taken passage in the brig when she goes with me and my family. I have since met him—he calls himself Colonel Lawton—at dinners of our set, and he seems to be an Englishman or Scotchman. Tom Stewart thinks the latter from his accent, and for his liking for snuff; but Paddy Burns differs, and believes he don't like snuff, but only takes it to show his splendid box. Any way, he speaks all languages, Spanish, French, Italian, and English, and can talk slang in them all like a native. He has served, too, from his own account, with Bolivar there on the Spanish Main; and he was with Cochrane in that desperate affair of cutting out the *Esmeralda* in Callao Bay. A very amusing, entertaining vagabond he is, and I asked him to join us to make the acquaintance of my people on our last frolic to the valley; but somehow, I am rather sorry that I gave him a passage with us in the brig, for I don't altogether like his looks."

"Neither do I, Piron! his hair is too black for his light blue eyes. However, we must make the most of him."

Over the shaky bridge of the torrent, where Jacob Blunt prayed earnestly for Martha Blunt, and swore at his donkey as if he had never rocked on water before; Mr. Mouse, with a last tiny kick on the saddle-flaps of his lofty mule, tumbled off; Colonel Lawton swinging himself from the saddle of his barb as if he had been part of him; Tom Stewart, Paddy Burns, and Don Stingo, sliding off any way; Harry Darcantel trying to descend in fine style, and failing miserably; Piron and the Commodore doing the thing leisurely; Jacob Blunt pulled off bodily; while the laughing blacks took the beasts and led them away.

BANOU AND CAPTAIN BRAND.

There were three pairs of eyes that watched all this grace and clumsiness from the windows of the saloon. Two pair of dark ones smiled, and the pair of blue opened until they seemed like azure globes, and then they closed until the fringe of chestnut lashes nearly hid them from sight.

"Colonel Lawton, do me the favor to follow my old friend Banou—you, too, Captain Jacob and Lieutenant Darcantel and Mr. Mouse; Paddy Burns and Stingo, here, will show you your quarters in the old billiard-room. Come, Commodore, the rest of us will find quarters in the casa."

An hour later the saloon and sala were all alight, and the sashes of the jalousies closed, for it was cool at times up there at Escondido. There, too, stood the party of gentlemen, Mr. Mouse being a prominent figure in the background. Then came a rustling of robes, and as the great folding doors swung open the three ladies lit up the saloon in a halo of loveliness with brighter rays than were shed from the wax lights in the chandelier. Two fair hands were placed in those of Cleveland, and the look which accompanied went back to the happy morning on the old brig's deck, away off there to sea.

"Oh, monsieur! I can not say how glad I am to see you once more! Let me present you to my sister, Madame Nathalie Delonde, and *our* daughter. Ah, my dear Captain Blunt! both your children before you again, and you have come to take us away."

"Colonel Lawton, *ma chère*," said Piron.

"And mesdames," said the Commodore, "let me also present my nephew, Lieutenant Darcantel, and Mr. Mouse."

What caused that woman to start, as the girl took the tiny reefer by the hand, and impulsively clasp those white hands together, while her heart beat in yearning throbs, and her bosom rose and fell like billows by the shore? Why did she then raise one hand to her fair neck, and, as if in a dream, feel for the golden links of the chain, with the other hand pressed to her panting heart for the locket which once reposed there? How was it that, bewildered by a mother's instinct, she gazed at the youth before her, and then turned her eyes hopelessly around in search of her husband in the crowd?

"Yes, madame. This is my nephew, Henry Darcantel."

"Ah, Henri! Excuse me, Monsieur. I am charmed to see you!"

Why, now, did the touch of his hand make her heart beat faster, and send a thrill of joy through her frame? Only be a little calm, madame, for a while longer, and don't be sad and ponder all

night, like your good Jules Piron does habitually. Wait, Jules will tell you all *he* knows when you are alone to-night.

The doors of the sala were thrown open. The broad pennant leading with Madame Rosalie; the military chieftain marching beside Madame Nathalie, much to the animosity of Paddy Burns. Then Mr. Mouse convoying Mademoiselle, to the infinite disgust of the commander of the *Rosalie*, one gun schooner, formerly the *Perdita*. But what made that old negro in spotless white, standing at the door, jerk his head back and open his great eyes till there was no black left in them! And why did he blunder about the table afterward, and pour wine over the Colonel's richly laced coat, while staring like an ogre at the young blue jacket opposite. That old Banou, perhaps, did not like to see his young mistress too much attended to by every gay scamp who came near her. Oh, no; of course not. But then, if that brawny negro in white had only known over whose arm and mutilated hand he was pouring light wine in his abstraction, he would have crammed that heavy cut decanter in powdered glass splinters down the chieftain's throat. There would have been claret of a different color spilled then, quantities of it. You needn't feel in your pockets, Colonel, or look round the sala to see if perchance there is a green silk rope squirming from the ceiling. We don't keep any of those pretty things out at Escondido. So go on with your dinner, you cold-eyed scoundrel, and tell all the lies you can to that lovely woman at your elbow; how you wanted to save Bolivar's life, and it was saved without you. Don't forget either to tell her how that patriot had you drummed out of his army, suspecting you of having assassinated the officer near you in the confusion of battle, and robbing him of his watch to replace the one presented to you by the Captain General. Paddy Burns is watching you, Colonel Lawton, and that whole-souled little Irishman is not the man to be trifled with. Now remove the covers. But take care, Banou, you nearly twitched off the military gentleman's hair. Tom Stewart saw it, and he noticed, too, a broad red seam, like the track of a musket bullet—honorable wound no doubt—under your black glossy wig.

Mr. Mouse had fallen desperately in love with the perfumed damsel beside him, and he knew she was up to her rose-tipped ears in love with him, oh! fifty fathoms deep; but his mother liked girls, and he would leave her half-pay! Still he didn't forget his adoration for the roast duck; and he slyly swigged some Madeira too, with a wary eye on the broad pennant through the flowers of the épergne. Talked, too, did that reefer—ay, chattered—and said that the quiet young officer on her left was very well liked in the steerage, and commanded a pretty little craft named the *Rosalie*. She knew that before, did she? Well, his father was a cold, stern man, but he was kind and generous, and had been very good to his poor mother, God bless him!

Commodore Cleveland talked in a low tone, all through the dinner, to the lady who did not eat at the head of the table, but who occasionally rested her white hand, with a trustful reliance, on the great tanned-leather paw of Jacob Blunt, that honest mariner not wishing to talk to any body, man or woman. That ancient mariner was mentally damning donkeys; speculating how he should get back to the *Martha Blunt* brig, in Kingston harbor; and praying for Martha Blunt, wife, riding at single anchor near Plymouth beach. Piron took wine with every body, said a word or two to all around the table, and talked to Tom Stewart about certain business matters connected with the plantation when he had gone.

Then came the last course, and the dessert of delicious fruits, which quite stopped Mr. Mouse's mouth, and even his palpitating heart ceased beating; while Mademoiselle Rosalie nibbled some lady-finger biscuit, and bent her graceful head to listen to the music of the earnest lips beside her.

We told you, Miss, how it would be; and, in spite of the warning, there you are—the color coming and going over your girlish cheeks, and never saying a word! What a couple that would make! thought Madame Nathalie. And what a resemblance in expression there is between them—he with his dark hair and eyes, and she fair and blue. Be careful, my sweet Rosalie! And so thought her sister and her sister's husband; Stingo too, old Banou, and every one save tiny Mouse, who had no rivals but Rat, Beaver, and Martin, and he could take the wind out of their sails any day.

The party of ladies rose from the table, and leaving the men—all except the captain of the *Rosalie* and Mr. Mouse, who would have remained had he not seen a shake of the broad pennant's finger—went into the saloon. Then there was a brilliant prelude on the piano, a touch of a guitar by stronger fingers, an air from an opera, a song or two, much conversation—while reefer Mouse slept on the sofa—and coffee. Then it was late, every one was fatigued, *bon soirs* were said, and the party—coffee and all—separated.

CHAPTER XLII.

TRUTH AND TERROR.

In a great square room, standing, as usual, on cocoa-nut stilts, which had once been used for a billiard-room, were half a dozen iron-framed cots ranged along the walls, and where some of the Escondido's guests were to bivouac. Every thing, however, was tidy and comfortable; snow-white bed-clothes and gauze mosquito nets, lots of napkins and ewers, and things for bathing behind a screen of dimity curtains; and not forgetting a large table—vice the billiard-table—in the centre, on which stood plenty of sugar and limes, cinnamon and nutmeg, bottles and flasks, red and white, and—very little water in jugs.

The occupants of this bivouac had turned in, and the lights had been doused. Conversation, however, was kept up, especially by the thin little voice of Mr. Mouse, who, having enjoyed a nap in the early evening, and having been danced and tumbled about on the trip to the lodge by Harry Darcantel, who was in tip-top condition, the reefer was as wide awake as a black-fish. Don Stingo chanted a few convivial airs and snored; so did Jacob Blunt, with a spluttering groan intermixed; and Paddy Burns fell off into a doze, saying blasphemous words addressed to the world at large, with a mutter against the military, hoping he might look at a Bolivian patriot edgewise with a friend and companion of his, Mr. Joe Manton, at his side; he would put an end to any more lies about charges of cavalry and cutting out frigates in Callao Bay. That Paddy Burns would, though he didn't wear a wig and a large sapphire on the only finger he had left on his left hand, and with a diamond snuff-box, too! Presented to you by a connection of your family, was it? Take a pinch out of it? Confound him, no! Begorra, the snuff is not Lundy Foot's, and the box is brass, Sir, brass!

"I say, Mouse, keep quiet, will you, and let me go to sleep!" Harry Darcantel did not think of going to sleep—that was a fib he told the reefer—he wanted merely to shut his eyes and dream of—you know who—a tall, graceful girl with blue eyes and light hair, who looked at him once or twice such looks that there was no sleep for him for ever so long. What did she say? Why, she never opened her pouting lips to show those even pearly teeth! She only looked out of those soft blue eyes. That was all!

"Mr. Darcantel, I think of getting married."

"The devil you do! And who to, pray?"

"Why," said Mr. Mouse, as he rolled over and kicked the sheet off his slate-pencil built legs, "I haven't made up my mind; but do you know that that pretty girl up there at the big house has taken quite a fancy to me, and when you were presented to her mother she gave me *such* a squeeze of the hand! Oh my!"

Here Mr. Mouse's narrative was cut short by a pillow hitting him plumb on the mouth, clean through his mosquito net.

"Very charming young lady, Mr. Mouse," said a quiet voice, in a cool tone, on the other side of him; "she did seem to take a violent fancy to you."

Mr. Mouse rolled over, and then sitting up in his cot, replied, "Yes, Sir! and that was her mother sitting by you when the big nigger in white capsized the wine over your sleeve and nearly pulled your a—hair off."

Look out, Mr. Mouse! if that man there beside you once gives a twitch at your curls he'll pull something more than hair—perhaps a bloody little scalp with it!

"Oh!" was the sound that came back.

"Yes, Sir, and the other beautiful lady next the Commodore is her sister. She had a son just Mademoiselle's age, who was murdered by pirates off Jamaica ever so many years ago, and Commodore Cleveland chased them in a ship he was first lieutenant of—my father commanded the ship—she was the old *Scourge*."

"Hold your tongue!" came from the cot where the spare pillow was thrown from.

"Ho!" said the military chieftain; but if the room had not been so dark, the way his eyes opened and emitted an icy glare of surprise would have made Tiny Mouse shiver with cold.

"Oh, dear, yes, Colonel, I heard the Commodore tell all about it the other night on board the frigate. He thought I was asleep, but I kept awake through the best part of it."

"The best part of it?"

"Why, Sir, how an old one-eyed Spaniard deceived my father and sent him on a fool's errand from St. Jago down to the Isle of Pines, and afterward how the *Scourge* chased the piratical schooner in a hurricane for ever so long, clear away to the coast of Darien, where they blew her out of water and killed every scoundrel on board!"

Not every one, Mr. Mouse. There is the very greatest of those scoundrels grinding his teeth and glaring your way at your elbow.

"What was the name of that cape, Darcantel, where the schooner was destroyed? No, I won't be quiet! the Colonel wants to hear all about it. There's a good fellow, tell me!"

"Garrote Cape."

The listener slowly raised the mutilated hand and put the finger with the sapphire ring to his throat, evidently not liking the name of that cape, for it caused a choking sensation to utter it—"Ho! Cape Garrote!"

"Yes, Sir! and Darcantel's father here once chartered a vessel and went all the way down there to explore the place, and was gone fifteen months! Wasn't he, Darky?" said the boy familiarly.

"Mouse, I tell you what it is: if you don't shut up that little fly-trap of yours I'll make Rat lick you when you go on board!"

"Rat lick me?" said Tiny, as he jumped straight up in the cot; "I gave him and Martin a black eye apiece only on our last boat-duty day for saying your father, the Doctor, had killed his brother-in-law in a duel!"

"Hush, my dear little fellow! you did a very foolish thing. There, say no more on that subject; it gives me pain, my Tiny. So talk on as much as you like."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the lad, in a broken voice, as he plunged through his net and put his arms around Darcantel, "I wouldn't grieve you for the world; but do you suppose, little as I am, that I wouldn't fight for the Doctor, who is so kind to me, and has done so much for my poor dear sweet mother?"

Here there was a sob as he wound his arms closer round his friend's neck and cried like a child, as he was.

"Well, never mind, Tiny; go to sleep now! I am not angry. There, turn in!"

"I won't speak another word to-night, Harry, for any soul breathing; little fool that I am!"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," said the Colonel, in French, with a slight quiver on his tongue, "but did your father really go all the way down to Darien out of mere curiosity?"

"Yes, Sir, he did go there to see if by any chance one of the pirates had escaped; and he traveled, too, a good deal about among the Indians making inquiries."

"Ho! and did he pick up any information there?"

"Why, Sir, I am not positive, but I believe that he got a hint that a European had wandered over that country who had been wounded in the head and hand and was almost naked; but the natives could give him but very meagre accounts. He continued on, however, down the Isthmus, on the Pacific side, by sea, as far as Chili, when he went into the interior to Peru, crossed the Andes, and followed down the Orinoco to Para, when he sailed again for England."

"Oh! no other motive than curiosity?"

"Perhaps he had; for he once told me he had some old scores to settle with the man who commanded the pirate, and if he was alive he felt quite sure he would, one of those days, put him to death. My father, Sir, is a very determined person, and never forgets an oath."

"Truly, Monsieur, you interest me. But what sort of a man in appearance is your father—a doctor, I think you said?"

"He is a tall gentleman of about fifty, Sir, though he looks much older; for he has suffered deeply in early life when my mother—a—died; but I shall have the pleasure of introducing him to you, Colonel. He is now on board our frigate at Kingston, and told me he would be up here to-morrow or the next day."

"Ah! thank you extremely, Monsieur Darcantel. I shall have—a—much curiosity to see him."

No more words that night! But much thinking and moving of thin lips, and eyes staring in the dark, wide open. There was low grating of teeth too! And a man lay in that large room on a narrow cot, surrounded by a gauze net—and so far as mental torture went it was not unlike a trestle net we once saw without gauze, where a gaunt frame was stretched, with myriads of sand-flies, mosquitoes, and stinging insects sucking his heart's-blood. Sometimes the icy eyelids closed, as if they were a film of ice forming over the blue, icy orbs within; and again the cold fabric cracked, and they were wide open once more. They could read too—those frozen orbs—and like heavy flakes of snow falling on blood-stained decks, till it covered with a weight of lead the stark, stiff corpse beneath, they yet tried to pierce into the frozen region beyond. And the heart beat with a cold and measured tramp, like a moose crunching through the sharp, treacherous crust of snow; and then stood stock-still! Had a letter, traced with the fingers of an icicle, been congealed a hundred feet deep in the heart of a toppling iceberg on the coast of Labrador, those eyes could have read it as clear as day!

"You infamous pirate, Captain Brand!" it began—"the son of the man who destroyed the *Centipede* and her crew, and the boy whom your brutal mate tore from the mother you saw at dinner to-day, are near you! That calm, stern, determined Doctor too, whom you laced down on the trestle for poisonous insects to kill, has been on your track for the past seventeen years, and will soon hold you in his iron gripe! There will be no mercy then!"

The eyes closed, the heart stopped beating, and the thin lips and tongue, as dry as cartridge-paper, now took up the strain, while the mutilated hand clutched convulsively, as if there were fifty fingers fingering knives and pistols.

"Shall I assassinate my old Doctor, and run the risk of being arrested and hung? No! He thinks me dead, and I will go back to the Island, redeem my treasure, and pass the remainder of my life tranquilly in the Highlands of Scotland!"

Don't be too sanguine, Colonel Lawton, for though your ten thousand pounds in gold is still in the vault, yet there is Don Ignacio Sanchez, whose estates have been confiscated, and who has just got out of ten years' imprisonment in the Moro of Havana, glad to save his neck from the iron collar, and without the little jewel-hilted blade up his sleeve, is now turning about to see how he may redeem his lost fortunes. Don't be an hour too late, I pray you, Captain Brand, for that sharp eye of Don Ignacio has already, perhaps, looked at the shiny cleft in the crag, and thinks he knows what lies hidden there! Oh, si! nothing but mouldy beans and paper cigars to live upon for ten years, and fond of more substantial food, even though it were yellow greenish gold, mildewed by damp, but yet solid and refreshing. *Cierto*—certainly! *Quien sabe*—who knows?

But be careful, Don Ignacio! Don't take your old wife with you on that projected expedition; for you have treated that old woman—who resembles a rotten banana—badly! You have won back in monté all she ever won by cheating, besides the half ounces you used to give her for the Church—cheated her by drawing two cards at a time when you saw the numerals with that spark of an eye, and when you knew that she would win if you drew fairly! Yes, you have, you old sinner, for more than two score of years! And she hates you now—though you don't think it—worse than you did Captain Brand! Have an eye to that old banana!

So passed that short night—long enough, however, for somebody—and before the fresh land-wind had woke up to creep down the valley there was a mettled barb, with open nostrils, galloping up the broken road as if he had the devil on his back!—as perhaps he had, or Colonel Lawton, or Captain Brand; possibly all three, but it makes very little odds to us.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PEACE AND LOVE.

It was a delightful breakfast with a merry party at Escondido, as all sat under the wide, cool piazza in the shade, with the sun throwing his slanting rays through the vines and clusters of purple grapes, and through the orange-trees, where the yellow fruit was fast losing its fragrant dew. All the men once more in summer rig, and the ladies in flowing muslin and tidy caps.

"My dear," said Piron to his wife, "we have lost one of our guests, Colonel Lawton; he went away at daylight this morning, and left a message to me and compliments to you all, that business of importance, which he had forgotten, demanded his immediate return to Kingston."

There was no sorrow expressed by the lady or her fair sister, and even the men treated it with indifference, except Mr. Burns, who remarked, as he snapped a tooth-pick in twain, that, for his part, he was glad the fellow had gone; he didn't like his looks at all, at all; though he did make himself so fascinating to the beautiful widow who sat next him.

As the party rose from the breakfast-table to get ready for a stroll down to the mill and around the plantation, one fair woman's hand was placed with a confiding, friendly clasp in that of Monsieur Burns; and then, as a graceful girl reached up to pull down her great flat straw-hat from the post, Paddy Burns kissed her on the forehead, and she returned it, too, as if she knew how to perform that ceremony even before people. Mr. Reefer Mouse had some thoughts of getting jealous and calling Mr. Burns out, at ten paces, ship's pistols, and all that sort of thing; but the round, red-faced gentleman kissed him too, declaring the while, as he held him aloft, that he was first-rate kissing—that he was! nearly as good as Mademoiselle, which quite disarmed Tiny's wrath, and then he hooked on to the damsel's delicate flipper, and tripped away with her down the valley.

Harry Darcantel exchanged a nod—not of defiance—with Paddy Burns, as much as to hint that those were not dangerous kisses—oh! not at all—and passing his hand over his brown mustache, he followed after the couple before him. Yes, Harry, Tiny's legs will get tired soon, and he will be hungry, and come back to old Banou for luncheon; while you will be putting aside the coffee-bushes, and imploring Mademoiselle to keep her straw-hat about her lovely face, and not to get tanned by the sun. And when she turns her humid eyes toward you, you begin to believe the sky is never so blue as those eyes!

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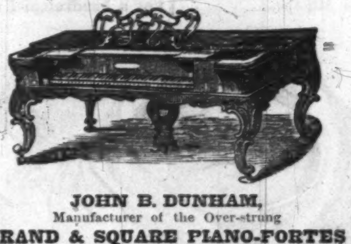

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